DISCOVERING HOW TO LIVE

LUCILE DESJARDINS

PUPIL'S BOOK

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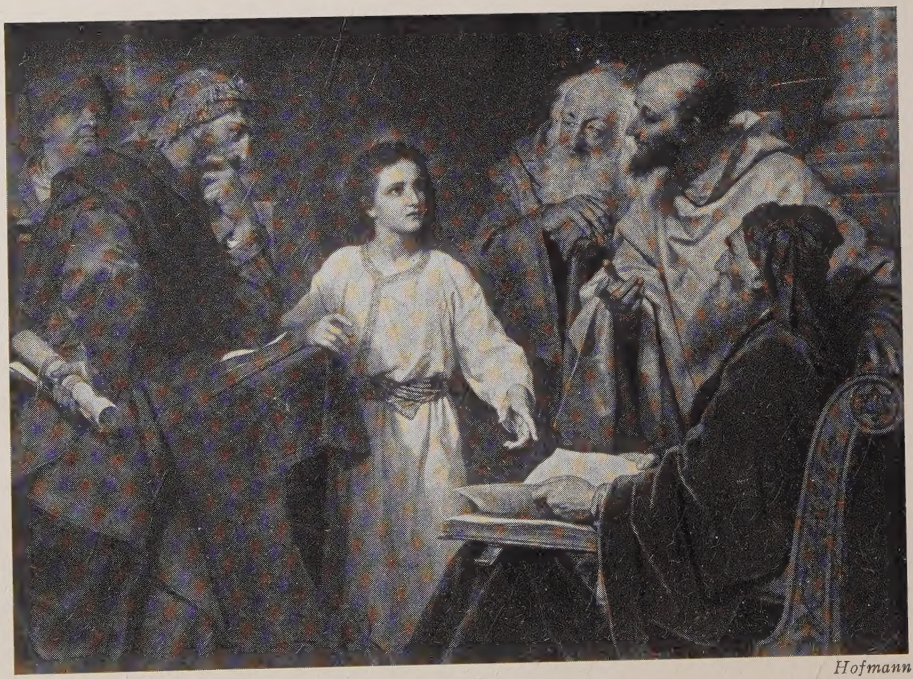


Hofmann

CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS

INTERMEDIATE PUPILS IN THE WEEK DAY CHURCH SCHOOL

DISCOVERING HOW TO LIVE

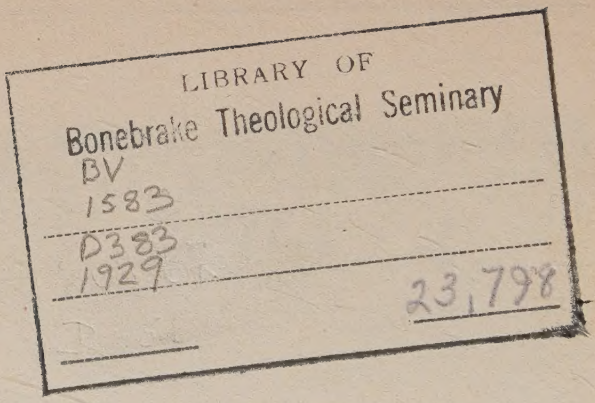
BY
LUCILE DESJARDINS

PIONEERS IN THE CHRISTIAN QUEST

Westminster Departmental Graded Materials

PUPIL'S BOOK

THE WESTMINSTER PRESS
PHILADELPHIA
1929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To the Boys and Girls
of the
Week Day Church Schools
of
Oak Park, Illinois,
and
Birmingham, Alabama

FOREWORD

Dear boys and girls:

You are invited to share in an adventure. In fact it is the most thrilling of all adventures—a Quest—to discover better ways of living our everyday lives.

Many men and women of the past have followed the Quest also. They will share their experiences with us. Some of the stories of their experiences we shall find in the Old Testament; some in the New Testament; and others outside the Bible.

Best of all we are going to have Jesus as our Guide. We shall follow his leadership. Some of the experiences he had and the secrets which he discovered we shall find in the Gospels. So they will serve as our Guidebook.

Already many boys and girls have been sharing in this adventure. Some of their experiences you will read in this book; for more than eight hundred boys and girls, by contributing the problems of everyday living which they have faced, have helped to make this book possible.

As you follow the Quest no doubt you will have many questions to ask and many experiences to share with your classmates and teacher. Perhaps you have discovered some secrets of living which the others have not yet discovered. If you share your secrets with the other members of your class, you too, will share in the building of the course.

Are you ready to start on your adventure? The Quest calls you! Answer with all that you are!

Yours for the discovery of the best,

LUCILE DESJARDINS

Kalamazoo, Michigan

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THE QUEST

CHRIST AND THE RICH YOUNG MAN

LESSON I

JESUS FOLLOWS THE QUEST

It was springtime in Galilee. In the town of Nazareth everyone was busy making preparation for the annual passover pilgrimage. Outside of almost every house, except the most miserable hovels, stood a donkey heavily laden with food and other provisions for the journey. Less patient than these quiet beasts of burden were the boys of Nazareth, who were eager to be on their way down the caravan trail which held in prospect so much adventure for them.

No one in all that busy village was more eager to be on his way than was Jesus. He had been counting the weeks and days and hours until the very moment when the caravan should start. For this year he was of age. Had he not become a son of the law? Had he not been initiated into the ranks of the men of Israel, pledged to the sacred task of keeping the laws of Jehovah? This year he, too, might join the band of those who were journeying to Jerusalem to worship in the holy Temple.

At last the caravan started. As they made their way out of the village Benjamin, a tottering, gray-haired old man, whose strength was not equal to the journey this year, watched with longing eyes the young lads in the company. He was thinking of that time so many years before when he had made his first journey to Jerusalem. When Jesus and another lad passed him he laid trembling hands upon their heads, praying this prayer: "Jehovah bless thee, lads, and make thee ever true to him. Jehovah bless thee out of Zion."

The younger boys skipped along beside Jesus and his companions as far as they were permitted to go, eying them wistfully. At least it would not be many years before they,

too, could go on this trip so full of adventure. "Would Jesus be so grown-up when he returned that he would no longer care to be their playmate?" they thought as they watched the caravan disappear over the hills.

Soon the little band of pilgrims was joined by others from neighboring Galilæan villages until there was one long procession, winding in and out among the hills and across the plain, all bound for the same Holy City with its sacred memories. As they journeyed they sang the sacred songs of the Temple. Sitting around the camp fire at night, the older men told once more the story of Moses and the first passover so many years before. Jesus, though he knew the story by heart, leaned forward eagerly to drink it in. "How good Jehovah has been to us through all the centuries!" he thought to himself. And now he was going to the Temple to worship him. Who could tell what message Jehovah might give him there? Perhaps there might come to him such a message as came to Samuel at Shiloh, or to Isaiah in the Most Holy Place.

On the third day the pilgrims from Nazareth climbed the steep, narrow road from Jericho which led to the top of the Mount of Olives. Suddenly, as they followed the bend of the road around the shoulder of the hill, they caught their first glimpse of the great city spread out before them, with its towering walls and the sacred Temple crowning Mount Zion. Then the company burst into joyous song:

> "I was glad when they said unto me,
> Let us go unto the house of Jehovah."

Mary turned to the Boy Jesus, saying to him: "Behold, son, the gleaming turrets of the Temple and the smoke rising from her altars. Jehovah has been gracious unto us. Once more he has permitted us to look upon Mount Zion, 'beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth.' "

Then she added thoughtfully:

"Who shall ascend into the hill of Jehovah?
And who shall stand in his holy place?"

And Jesus continued the psalm they both loved:

"He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood,
And hath not sworn deceitfully."

Soon they had climbed the last stretch of the rocky road and were within the gates of the city. Jesus, with the other lads, darted in and out among the narrow, crooked streets, watching with wide-open eyes the people of many countries who thronged them and listening with wonder to their strange languages.

In the early morning, when the silver trumpets of the priests sounded, Jesus made his way to the Temple with Mary and Joseph, there to offer the passover lamb as a sacrifice. As the smoke of the sacrifice rose heavenward the heart of Jesus was lifted to Jehovah in thanksgiving for the deliverance of the people so long ago. But most of all he was thankful that now he, too, might have a share in carrying out his heavenly Father's plan for his people.

The next days were full of absorbing interest to Jesus. He loved to wander about the Temple area, watching the priests and the doctors with their elaborate robes and dignified ways. It was not long before he discovered a group of wise rabbis or teachers discussing together some of the very questions which had often puzzled him. He drew nearer that he might not miss any word they were saying. From them, no doubt, might come the answers to his many questions. Had not the rabbi in the synagogue school in Nazareth told him that they could answer them?

Finally the last day of the passover festival came. "Remember, son, after the morning sacrifices, the Nazareth caravan will start on its homeward journey," said Mary to Jesus as he started for the Temple that morning. Jesus sped away

into the city, eager to ask one more question of the wise teachers in the Temple courts.

The sun was high when Jesus, looking up with a start, remembered his mother's words and hurried away to the camping place outside the city walls. But the hillside was bare. The caravan had already started. Thinking that Jesus was somewhere in the company of pilgrims, Mary and Joseph had started on their homeward journey without him.

That day and the next Jesus spent in the Temple, continuing to ask and to answer questions. At night he slept out under the stars on the hillside, unafraid; Jehovah, his Father, would care for him as he had cared for his people all through the centuries. He was sure, also, that his father and mother would soon return to look for him. Of course they would seek him first of all in the Temple.

The next day they came, pushing their way through the throng, anxiously searching for him.

"Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I sought thee sorrowing," cried out his mother in rebuke.

Jesus looked at his mother wonderingly. His face was aglow with a joyous life purpose as he replied, "How is it that ye sought me? knew ye not that I must be in my Father's house?"

Joyful in his discovery of Jehovah's purpose for his life, Jesus started on the three days' journey with Mary and Joseph, back to Nazareth, while all along the homeward way his heart kept singing: "Jehovah, my Father, will be with me in Nazareth, too. The great adventure is not over. It is just beginning."

For eighteen long years Jesus lived in the obscure village of Nazareth, hidden away among the hills. Though we have no Bible record of those years when Jesus was growing into manhood we are sure that they must have been years of adventure, for he was discovering some of the most important secrets of successful, happy everyday living.

At home, as eldest son, he was no doubt discovering ways

in which he might share the home tasks and lighten the burdens for his mother and father. As elder brother, he was no doubt learning how he might help the younger brothers and sisters to get along more peacefully with each other. In the carpenter shop, while learning his trade, he was discovering the thrill which comes from a difficult task honestly and skillfully done. In the market place he was discovering how two men might do business together as brothers. In the synagogue, where he went to worship each Sabbath, he rejoiced in discovering more and more of his Father's plan for his people, revealed to him through the sacred writings. On the hillside, watching the caravans pass by, he was catching a glimpse of the world outside his home town. In imagination he was reaching out into all the world. In the birds and flowers and grasses, the hills and the skies, he was learning new lessons of his heavenly Father's love and care and wisdom. Most wonderful of all, he was discovering that his heavenly Father wanted him to share with his fellow countrymen and with all the world these secrets he had discovered of a better way of living. And so, when Jesus was thirty years old, he set forth to find some comrades who would share with him the Quest.

Our Part

1. Read Luke 2:40-52 for the gospel story of Jesus' experience in the Temple.

2. What experience of a boy or girl to-day is most like that which Jesus had when he went to Jerusalem to worship? Why?

3. When is a boy or girl old enough to take upon himself or herself the responsibility for keeping the laws of God and country?

4. Make a list of ways in which the everyday life of a boy in Nazareth would be different from the everyday life of a boy or girl in our country to-day. (For example, in our homes we use electricity for lighting; in Nazareth a lamp was used with a bit of wick floating in some oil.)

5. What do you think was one discovery Jesus may have made of a better way of living:

   a. With the younger children in the home?

   b. In helping his mother do the home tasks?

c. In playing out of doors with the other Nazareth boys?
d. In the synagogue school?
e. In the carpenter workshop?

[1]A Prayer Hymn

O Master Workman of the race,
Thou Man of Galilee,
Who with the eyes of early youth
Eternal things did see,
We thank thee for thy boyhood faith
That shone thy whole life through;
"Did ye not know it is my work,
My Father's work to do?"

O Carpenter of Nazareth,
Builder of life divine,
Who shapest man to God's own law,
Thyself the fair design,
Build us a tower of Christlike height,
That we the land may view,
And see like thee our noblest work,
Our Father's work to do.

O Thou who dost the vision send
And givest each his task,
And with the task sufficient strength,
Show us Thy will, we ask;
Give us a conscience bold and good,
Give us a purpose true,
That it may be our highest joy
Our Father's work to do.

—*Jay T. Stocking.*

[1] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 106. Copyright by The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

LESSON II

SHARING JESUS' ADVENTURE

From many different towns and country places scores of boys and girls had gathered for their first summer camp in the mountains by the lakeside. For two full weeks they had enjoyed the long hikes, the stories and songs around the camp fire at night, and the jolly, friendly comradeship with each other. For two weeks, also, they had been spending a quiet hour each morning studying with wise, inspiring Christian teachers the life and the teachings of Jesus.

One night in the vesper service by the lakeside their leader told them once more very simply, with an earnestness and an appeal they could never quite forget, the story of Jesus Christ, the Man of Galilee, as he called some young fishermen to share his life adventure with him.

While she spoke the evening sun set in splendor over the lake. As the shadows deepened on the hills across the water the boys and girls could almost see the four fishermen responding eagerly to Jesus' call. They, too, could almost see the Man of Galilee standing beside them in the deepening shadows, calling, "Come, follow me."

Thoughtfully they sang together:

[2] "Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow me.'

"As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for his dear sake.

[2] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 168.

"Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love me more.'

"In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love me more than these.'

"Jesus calls us: by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all."

As the music floated out over the peaceful lake and was reëchoed from the distant hills there were boys and girls who heard again the quiet voice of Christ himself coming to them as it had come across the waters of Galilee so many years before. To the call of the Man of Galilee that night they responded gladly:

"We will follow Thee, too;
We will share with thee this great adventure;
We will set forth this day on the Quest, to discover the Christian way of living."

The next day camp was over. All the campers bade farewell to their friends. Like Jesus, who returned to Nazareth aglow with his joyous life purpose, they, too, returned to their home towns eager to continue the Quest. Many and perplexing were the problems they faced as they sought to follow Jesus' way of living, but many were the discoveries they made, also. Some of these you will learn as you read this book.

Our Part

1. Read Matt. 4:1-11 if you wish to learn of three problems which Jesus faced as he started out from his home town to share his Quest with others. What choice did Jesus make in each case? In what ways will these choices which Jesus made help us in making Christian choices as we face our everyday problems?

2. Some young men of Jesus' day faced an important problem when he asked them to share his adventure. Read of these young men in Mark 10:17-22 and Mark 1:16-20. Two artists have painted masterpieces showing these young men facing their problems and making their choices. These pictures are:

Christ and the Fishermen, by Zimmermann,

Christ and the Rich Young Man, by Hofmann.

Find a copy of each of these pictures. Place them side by side. Study them thoughtfully. Notice the expression on the face of the rich young man. Does he look contented and happy? Why or why not? What problem was the young man trying to settle? What did he decide to do? In what way is the scene in the other picture similar to the one just studied? In what ways are the two scenes different? What choice are the young men in this scene making? What was the outcome of their choice?

3. Read through the hymn on pages 17, 18 to discover words or phrases which suggest either of these pictures. Which stanza might refer to the fishermen? Which phrases might refer to the rich young ruler?

4. The following were some of the problems which certain boys and girls met:

a. Henry was given the job of building the fire and sweeping and dusting the room where the class in religious education was held. He was planning to save the money he received to buy a Boy Scout suit. On the first day the classes met there was so much work to be done to get the room ready and so little material at hand for building the fire that the fire had not been started when the first class of the morning began to assemble. Robert, one of the boys in the class, when he found that the room was cold, volunteered to build a fire. He also volunteered to make a fire every morning, not knowing that Henry was paid to do it. That day the class read the story of the rich young ruler in Mark 10: 17-22 and studied the picture of him by Hofmann. During the day Henry discovered that Robert had volunteered to build the fire. He also discovered that Robert and his family needed money very badly. Henry then faced a problem. Should he give up part of his job and the money he was earning for his Scout uniform and give Robert a chance to earn this money, or should he keep it for himself? Henry came to the teacher after school and told her that he wished Robert to build the fires and receive the pay for this.

What other choices might Henry have made? In what way was Henry's problem like that of the rich young ruler who refused to follow Jesus? What would Jesus' way of solving Henry's problem have been? Did Henry choose this way?

b. There was a window broken. Carl was caught near the spot when it was done. He saw one of his best friends break it accidentally and then run away. Carl was accused of breaking it by the man who owned the house. What should Carl have done?

Carl might have

(1) Told the man his friend broke the window.
(2) Told the man he broke it himself and thus shielded his friend.
(3) Refused to tell who broke it.
(4) Found his friend and made him own up to breaking it.
(5) Persuaded his friend to go with him that they might own up together that they had broken it and would together take the consequences.
(6)
(7)

Add to this other possible choices which Carl might have made in this situation. Which do you think would be the most Christian way of acting in this case? Why?

5. Have you heard the call of Christ, also? Have you responded with the rest:

"We will follow Thee, too;
We will share with thee this great adventure;
We will set forth this day on the Quest to discover the Christian way of living."

If so, keep a record for one week of some of the problems you meet as you try to live the Christian life every day. Write out in detail the description of one problem which you have faced recently. What choice did you make?

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL MARKS

SIR GALAHAD

LESSON III

PROBLEMS IN OBEDIENCE

1. The boys in one neighborhood had organized a club. The club had a baseball team. Roy was on this team. They were to play another team a few blocks away after school. That morning Roy's mother told him to come home that afternoon. After school the boys came by Roy's house for him, begging him to hurry. Roy started to go but remembered what his mother had told him that morning. The boys said: "Oh, she won't care; it's not far away. We'll lose the game if you don't come, for you're the best fielder we've got."

Roy might have done any of the following things:

He might have

a. Gone along with the boys and explained to his mother when she got home.
b. Gone along with the boys but planned to return home before his mother did so that she would not know he had gone.
c. Tried to get in touch with his mother by phone so that he could coax her to let him go.
d. Stayed at home and let the team play without him.
e.
f.

Which choice do you think he would have made if he were trying to follow Jesus? Why?

2. One day Gertrude went to school even though she had a very bad cold. When the principal saw her she told her to go home and take care of her cold. But that afternoon the boys at school were to have a most exciting game which Gertrude wanted to see. In the afternoon her mother went away and Gertrude thought she would try going back to school in order to see the game.

Gertrude might have done any of the following things:

a.
b.
c.
d.

What do you think was the right thing for her to do? What would be two good reasons why she should remain at home?

3. One day Roberta's cousin had some candy. Roberta asked her for some but she would not give her any unless she would promise to go on all her errands with her. One day Roberta's mother went away, but before going she told Roberta not to leave the house in her absence. That day Roberta's cousin came over and asked Roberta to go on an errand with her. She reminded Roberta of her promise. What should Roberta have done about it?

Roberta might have

a. Gone on the errand with her cousin, excusing herself on the grounds that her mother would not want her to break her promise.
b. Broken her promise, telling her cousin that she could not disobey her mother.
c.
d.

What do you think was the Christian choice to be made in this situation? Why? What discovery do you think Roberta might have made in facing this problem which would help her in future problems?

4. One evening Tom's mother went visiting. She told him to go to bed at the usual time. Tom had just received an interesting book which he decided to read. He became so interested in the book that he forgot what time it was. When, at twelve o'clock, his mother knocked at his door, he was frightened and put the book under his pillow, pretending to be asleep. But his mother found the book and asked him if he had been reading late. He said, "No," because he was scared. Finally he told her the truth and she punished him for disobeying her.

What was the reason for Tom's disobedience in this case? To what other wrongdoing did it lead?

5. Rose's father told her she must be home from the party not later than ten o'clock. However, at ten o'clock the refreshments had not been served and no one was thinking of leaving. She did not wish to be the one to break up the party by starting to leave before the rest. She felt that it would be very much against social etiquette to do such a thing. Some one else would also be obliged to leave to come home with her, as she could not come home alone at that late hour. What was the right thing for her to do in such an embarrassing situation?

Talk this over with your father and mother. Find out what they think Rose should have done and report to the class.

Our Part

1. Make a list of the reasons why the boys and girls whose problems you have just read found it difficult to obey.

For example: a. Roy felt he must be loyal to his team.

b. Gertrude .....

c. Roberta .....

d. Tom .....

e. Rose .....

Add to this list other reasons why boys and girls sometimes find it difficult to obey.

f.

g.

h.

i.

j.

2. What problem in obedience did Jesus face during the forty days he remained in the wilderness? Whom did he obey? Matt. 4:1-11.

3. What is the most difficult problem in obedience you have faced recently? What possible choices might you have made? What did you do in this situation? Do you think in this case you acted according to the Christian way of living? Why or why not?

LESSON IV

CHOOSING THE TRAIL

Four boys of Pine Tree Patrol Number Seven were gathered in front of the church house early one morning, loading their camping outfit on to their trek cart. Jack, the patrol leader, was busy checking over supplies.

"Hey, there, Bill," he called out. "We're short a skillet. Amble over to headquarters and see if you can find one."

"Come on, Joe," he said to a younger boy standing near, "how about your making yourself useful, too? Pack this stuff into the cart."

Bill soon returned, waving the skillet in the air.

"All right, fellows! Let's beat it before the sun gets too hot," called Jack, and they were off down the main thoroughfare of town, headed toward the mountains which showed purple in the early morning haze—off for a five days' camping trip with the best of all sports, their scout leader, Mr. Rogers, who had gone on ahead with the other boys about an hour earlier.

This camping trip was not for the boys' own pleasure alone. They had been given an important task by the leaders of their church. The boys were discussing it as they hiked along the open country road that morning. Mr. Bennett had decided to purchase a site for a girls' camp up in the mountains. But this camp site had to be investigated, so Mr. Rogers, scout leader, with his trusted Pine Tree Patrol, was asked to visit the proposed site and to make a report. In addition to investigating the site they were to make a map of the mountain for future use by the leaders of the camp.

After an hour's steady hiking the boys reached the little

town of Kernville. At that point they struck the trail leading up the mountain to their destination.

They had been climbing steadily for about half an hour, winding in and out among the bushes and pine trees, when they came to a place where they discovered two trails, one leading off from the other. The boys pulled the packs from their shoulders and sat down a moment in the shade while they tried to decide which trail to take.

"The trail to the right is the one which leads to our camp," said Jack at length. "At least it is the one according to the map. Here are the blazes on the trees, too. That makes it doubly sure. I remember Mr. Rogers told me about this place. Our road is to the right."

"But look!" said Joe, who had been examining some broken branches and twigs bent in the direction of the path to the left; "here are some signs which point to this other path. Don't you see them? The other fellows have marked the trail for us."

"Anything could have broken those branches," answered Jack uncertainly. "But I think we had better follow the map and Mr. Rogers' directions. They wouldn't direct us wrong. Don't you feel that way about it, fellows?"

Bill nodded a vigorous assent. "You're right, buddie; let's follow the map, I say."

But Joe shook his head as he answered decidedly: "I'll say you fellows are fools to follow a piece of paper. Those branches are proof enough for me that this other is the road to take. Isn't that so, Fred?"

Fred looked from Jack, their patrol leader, to Joe, his special pal. He did not know what to say.

The argument grew more and more heated.

"This is the way to go," insisted Joe.

"It isn't," retorted Jack.

Finally Joe picked up his pack with an impatient gesture. "Well, you fellows can do what you like. We're going to follow the directions the boys left for us, and that means

going up this trail," he said. "Come on, Fred, let's go." And the two boys started up the trail to the left.

Jack was angry. His eyes flashed fire. Never before had his authority as patrol leader been so flagrantly disregarded. He bit his lip in an attempt to control his anger as he said to the two boys who had turned their backs upon him: "You fellows can do what you please. You know Scout rules. You can take the consequences. That's all I have to say."

He and Bill shouldered their packs also and started up the road to the right, dragging their trek cart along behind them. They pulled steadily up the hill among the clumps of pines. Their packs weighed heavily upon their backs but heavier still upon Jack hung the weight of responsibility for the two boys who had so willfully disobeyed Scout rules and failed to follow his leadership. Without a word the two plodded on until finally Bill broke the silence: "Did you hear voices just then? I think we must be almost to camp."

Sure enough there was just one more stretch to climb, and around the bend in the trail they caught the whiff of frying bacon. In a moment or two the boys were greeted with vociferous shouts of welcome. The other boys had pitched their tents. They were sitting around the camp fire eating their supper.

"Where are the other fellows? Did they find out at the last minute that they couldn't come?" were Mr. Rogers' first questions.

Jack looked very sober indeed as he explained the situation. "I'm sorry," he said, when he was through. "I'm afraid you will think I'm not much of a leader."

When Walter and Roy heard what the boys had done they looked at each other seriously. They had been guilty, too, for, in fun, they had turned the twigs in the wrong direction to fool the boys, not realizing the possible consequences.

An hour later, just as the scouts were about to start on a searching party down the mountain, two boys trudged into camp, footsore and weary. They had found the road which

seemed so promising to be only a blind trail leading them into a thicket of bramble and scrub. So they had been compelled to retrace their steps back to the main trail again.

No one said anything but all realized that the honor of their patrol had been impaired and their Scout laws broken.

That night eight tired boys sat late around the camp fire, talking with each other and with Mr. Rogers. In the firelight Jack and Bill were examining the map of the mountain.

"I wonder who first made this map," questioned Bill.

"The fellow who gave it to us," answered Jack, "told us that an old settler made his way up to this place fifty years ago. He was a real explorer. He had to crawl through the underbrush in places. He got lost up here, wandered around without food and water for several days, and finally made his way back to the settlement. He kept coming back—he liked it so well—and finally built himself a log cabin here. Perhaps we may find the ruins of it when we're out exploring. Every time he came he would blaze a few more trees and set up trail signs along the way until the trail became plainly marked. It isn't difficult to follow it now, especially if you have this map the old settler made, and follow the blazes instead of any little old twigs which happen to point in a certain direction."

Jack gave Joe a sly, meaningful glance.

"Oh, hush," retorted Joe sheepishly. "Don't rub it in."

The fire which had been blazing merrily died down to embers. A more thoughtful mood came over the boys.

"Fellows," said Mr. Rogers, as they sat quietly gazing into the fire, "that old settler you have been telling us about could preach us a sermon if we wanted him to. It would be a story of life itself. A lot of folks have gone along the path of life ahead of us; and many of them have found better ways of living it, too. They have blazed the trail for others to follow. We can be pretty sure that they are not fooling us. Too many people have followed along the trail they have blazed and found that it leads to successful living. We call these tried

and tested trail marks rules or laws. They have come out of the experience of thousands.

"I have read," he continued, "that [1] 'in the Australian bush, amid towering trees and tangled undergrowth, there often opens up, off the main track which the pioneer has cut, an inviting and fairly defined pathway which promises a short cut to one's destination. Many a traveler is lured by such an opening and makes a turn only, however, to discover that it leads to some wild beast's lair; then, perhaps late at night, he has to battle his way back, torn with bramble and scrub, to the spot from which he has strayed. So frequently does this occur that it has become an unwritten law of the forest that, when one has been misled into a 'dead end' he should, on regaining the main track, split a hazel and insert within its cleft a notice with a warning word, 'No road this way,' that others may not be fooled.'

"There are all sorts of trails in life, as on the mountains. Some of them are blind trails leading into tangled thickets or wild beasts' lairs; others are tried and tested trails which lead up to the mountain top. Where men and women of the past have followed blind trails which led them into bramble and dangerous places they have set up warning signals for us: 'Do not take this road.'

"It's up to us to find the right path and then to follow it. It's up to us to learn the danger signs along the road so that we shall not be led astray and be compelled to retrace our steps.

"And in life, as in the forest, it is a most serious offense against the unwritten law for travelers to set up false signs," said Mr. Rogers gravely, as he looked at Walter and Roy; "for such a sign might mean the death of many."

"We really didn't mean any harm," said Walter soberly. "We did it just for fun. We won't ever do such a trick as that again."

[1] From "The Threshold," by Henry Howard, pp. 11, 12. Doran, 1926. Used by permission.

"I'll try to follow next time on the right path," said Joe penitently.

Our Part

1. What problem in obedience did the boys in this story face?
2. In what ways is a rule or law to be obeyed like a trail mark showing the road to take?
3. Write down one of the most helpful trail marks or danger signals along the path of everyday living among:
   a. Health rules.
   b. Safety laws.
   c. Rules in your home.
   d. School rules.
   e. City laws.
4. Give a reason why you think each of these rules is good.
5. What two different trails lay before the four fishermen? Mark 1:16-20. Describe each trail. Which trail did they decide to follow?

LESSON V

SOME TRAIL MARKS JESUS MADE

The following night, after a full day of tramping and exploring, eight boys with their leader were again gathered around the blazing camp fire. Jack sat poring over the map of the mountain which the old settler had made. Roy was bending over a paper on which he was outlining a new map. The other boys were suggesting details which should go into the new map they were making.

"How about marking that poison ivy patch we ran into to-day?" asked Jim. "The girls ought to know about it so that they won't get into it, too."

"And the ruins of that old settler's cabin," added Walter. "I believe they would be interested in that."

"The old settler certainly knew what he was doing when he made this map," remarked Jack as he compared it with the one the boys were sketching. "It's pretty accurate so far as it goes."

Mr. Rogers had quietly slipped out of the circle for a moment. When he came back he had his Bible in his hand. The boys knew what that meant. They liked to have him talk about the Bible. He was always so straightforward and sincere.

"Fellows," he said to them, "we've been talking about some of the rules of life, or the trail marks up the path of better living. But we didn't even mention the best Guidebook of all. Jesus, when he started on his adventure of discovering the road to better living for the world, had some trail marks to follow which had been set up for the men and women of the past. Many of them had had sorrowful experiences wandering off the trail at certain points. At each of these places

danger signals had been set up by God to mark the true way for his people. Jesus found these trail marks in the sacred writings which he heard read each Sabbath in the synagogue. Some of these rules or guides for living and warning signals also are found in the Old Testament in Ex. 20:1-17.

"The prophets were also brave men who pioneered in the way of righteous living, blazing new trails for their people to follow.

"But the greatest trail blazer of all was Jesus himself. He followed the old trail marks but he also forged ahead of all other religious explorers, putting up many new trail signs farther along the trail than anyone who had ever gone before him or has gone along the trail since his time. He was like the old settler who discovered the top of the mountain. He discovered the hilltop of Christian living and has blazed the trail for us to follow. But he didn't get lost and wander around aimlessly like the Australian travelers. He knew the way. And he wants to show us the way, too. That's the best part of it all."

"I'd like to follow a guide like him," said Walter, "but how's anyone going to know what to do?"

"He's left a map to guide us—the map of Christian living, and the book which tells of his adventures. The Gospels tell of his adventures, and, in Matt., chs. 5 to 7, you will find a good map to follow," said Mr. Rogers. "Would you like to take a look at it?"

The boys pulled out their Scout Testaments and began to read silently by the firelight. As they finished they sat gazing thoughtfully into the fire until Jack broke the silence:

"There are surely some steep places for a fellow to pull himself up to," he said. "For instance, always forgiving enemies, and turning the other cheek. But I guess we could do it if we had Him to help us. We shouldn't need to be stumped by a thing like that."

Jack looked again thoughtfully at the two maps, the settler's and the new one the boys had been making. "It's something

like our two maps, isn't it?" he questioned, thinking of the Ten Commandments and Jesus' teaching. "The old map was useful, so far as it went, in pointing out the dangers, but it didn't go far enough, so Jesus added what was necessary.

Bob's eyes were blazing with a new resolve. He looked from one boy to another. "Let's try it, fellows; let's try it! Let's follow the signs on this new map Jesus gave. I dare you to follow our Leader."

The firelight shone on a circle of eager, thoughtful faces as Mr. Rogers replied earnestly, "Then, come on, fellows, shall we tell him about it?"

This was their prayer that night:

> "Our great Leader, we all want to follow the trail you have blazed for us up the hill of Christian living. Help us to be brave, true, and steady followers. When we falter or would turn aside to an easier trail, guide us aright. Help us to follow your trail marks. Amen."

Our Part

1. Read through carefully the Ten Commandments, Ex. 20:1-17. Which are danger signals? Which are trail marks showing the true path to follow?

2. Read Isa. 1:11-17 to learn one trail blazed by a lone prophet along the path leading to true worship.

3. Read the following passages from the Sermon on the Mount: Matt. 5:21-26, 33-48; chs. 6; 7:1-5. Make a list of five rules for Christian living which Jesus gave in this sermon.

4. Think through the following problems carefully. What teaching in Jesus' sermon would help in each case to solve the problem?

a. Jean took Alice's skipping rope and cut it into pieces. Alice was so angry with her sister Jean that she said she would never forgive her. She waited for a good chance to get even. One night everyone in the family was away from home but Alice. This was her opportunity. She found some old love letters of her sister's which she knew she prized very highly. She was about to read them all and then to burn them up.

b. Alma was always criticizing others. One day she said, "If I were Grace I'd be ashamed of myself staying away from school so much and always breaking our record." Afterwards she and the other girls discovered that Grace had to stay home to take care of a very sick mother.

c. Dick was always making fine promises to his teacher and to the other boys. He would back these promises up with all sorts of assurances such as: "Honor bright, I'll be there this time" or "On my Scout honor, I'll do it." However, the boys never knew whether to believe him or not for he was always failing to keep his word.

d. Cora was given a generous allowance each week but she was never willing to use any of it for church and Sunday School. She wanted to spend it all for candy and sodas for herself. The other day when the members of her class were making up their offering for the Community Chest, Cora would not give one cent. She was saving it all for candy and the movies.

e. "I'll never speak to Jane again, as long as I live; she treated me so mean," said Flora. However, Flora is now a member of the Church. On the next Sunday they are to have the Communion service. If she follows Jesus' rules for living, what should she do before she goes to church to take Communion?

5. Think of what you might say and do in dramatizing one of these problems, letting it end in the way Jesus would want it to be settled.

6. Jesus said, "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother," Mark 3:35. From your study of the Gospel of Mark write out three other rules for living which, as Jesus taught by word and example, the Father wants us to obey.

7. What was one discovery which the boys in the Pine Tree Patrol made that would help them in the problem of cheerful obedience to authority?

[2] A Prayer Hymn

Christ of the Upward Way,
My Guide Divine,
Where thou hast set thy feet
May I place mine;
And move and march wherever thou hast trod,
Keeping face forward up the hill of God.

Give me the heart, to hear
Thy voice and will,
That without fault or fear
I may fulfill
Thy purpose with a glad and holy zest,
Like one who would not bring less than his best.

. . . . . .

Christ of the Upward Way,

[2] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 215.

My Guide Divine,
Where thou hast set thy feet,
May I place mine;
And when thy last call comes serene and clear,
Calm may my answer be, "Lord, I am here."

—*Rev. Walter J. Mathams.*

LESSON VI

HEEDING THE KING'S CALL

The next night the boys were again gathered around the camp fire. Their big log was almost burned.

"It will last through to-night at least, I hope," said Bob. Then he added slowly, "I've been thinking about all the different trail marks a fellow meets in everyday life. But how is one to know after all which trail to follow? One person tells you to do one thing and then somebody else tells you to do exactly the opposite. What are you to do in a case like that? For instance, just the other day, mother was sick and didn't want me to go to Scout meeting. Of course, I felt I ought to go to keep up the record of Pine Tree Patrol; so I begged mother to let me go. There really wasn't anything I could do for her at home since Aunt Jane was with her. She finally told me to go and report and then come straight home. You remember how you kept insisting, Mr. Rogers, that I should stay that night since the meeting was such an important one? I didn't tell you about mother's being sick, but for a while I didn't know what to do. I finally went home, missing the Scout meeting."

"It's much easier to follow some trails than others," said Fred. "For instance, it's more fun to stay out with the fellows after dark than to go in the house to study when the street lights come on as mother has told me to. Just last week we were having a heap of fun with a flash cracker we were planning to light when it grew dark enough. Of course, the street lights had to come on just when we were ready to fire the thing off. I just had to stay out with the fellows and fool with it awhile. The first thing I knew it was nine o'clock.

Then I was told to stay in after supper all the rest of the week just because I forgot that one time."

"One of the hardest rules I have to follow is that of keeping out of the pantry when I am hungry," admitted Joe. "The other night I couldn't resist the temptation. I sneaked in and there was the grandest cake with coconut frosting on the shelf! The first thing I knew there wasn't so very much of that cake left. We happened to have company that night so mother had made the cake for dinner. I had to go without any and so did sister Susan. Besides, I ate so much of it before dinner that I didn't want to see cake again for a month. That was a blind trail all right."

"This business of always staying in line in the halls at school is a difficult rule for me to follow," spoke up Walter, "especially when we're headed for the lunch room."

"And never speeding when I'm driving dad's car," added Jack.

"And leaving baseball games to go to the store for mother," was Roy's contribution.

"What about health rules," suggested Jim, "such as eating spinach, brushing the teeth twice a day, not eating candy, and sitting up straight?"

"It's easy to skip off to school in the morning without emptying the trash can, too," added Joe.

"The wrong roads often look so inviting," said Jim. "They stare you in the face everywhere you go, just like those billboards which are always shouting at a fellow, 'Smoke a Camel,' when mother and dad say, 'Don't do it.' "

"I sneaked up one of those roads last week," confessed Joe again. "Dad told me not to go swimming in a certain pool which he had heard was not safe. But all the other fellows were going and I couldn't resist. I felt sort of mean afterwards, especially since dad took me a few days later to one of the finest swimming pools in the city to make up for what he thought I was missing."

"I had a hard question to decide the other day, too," said

Bill who, up to this point, had remained silent. "Mother told me not to go to a certain show, but when I went to school Miss White, our history teacher, told us we ought not to miss seeing it since it would help us to understand our history better. What should a fellow do in a case like that? I went to the show with some of my own money but didn't tell mother anything about it. I'm sure now I took the wrong trail. I should at least have told mother."

"It's difficult business, this choosing the road," said Jim slowly. "But have you fellows ever read that story of [3] Sir Ederyn, the Trusty? It's a peach of a story. He was a page in an earl's hall but he wanted to become one of King Arthur's knights, so early every morning on the mountain top he listened for the king's call; then, no matter how difficult the tasks to which the king called him, he always answered:

> " 'Tis the king's call! O list!
> Thou heart and hand of mine, keep tryst—
> Keep tryst or die!"

When he finally knelt before the king to be made a knight, the jewels he had won by obeying the king's call took the shape of letters which read: '*Semper fidelis*' (always faithful), and on his shield were blazoned these words: 'I keep the tryst.' "

Mr. Rogers had been listening intently all this while. Now it was his turn to speak. "There's our King, greater than any King Arthur, who wants us all for his loyal, faithful knights," he said quietly. "I suspect it wouldn't be so difficult to keep to the right road if we listened for his voice and always gave the answer Ederyn did."

The firelight cast its flickering shadows upon nine thoughtful faces as the boys bowed their heads reverently to pray:

"Father, may we ever listen to our King's call and may we ever answer:

> "' 'Tis the king's call! O list!
> Thou heart and hand of mine, keep tryst—
> Keep tryst or die!' Amen."

[3] From "Keeping Tryst," by Annie Fellows Johnston. Page, 1928. Used by permission of the publishers.

Our Part

1. The following are certain trail marks which some boys and girls are supposed to obey:

a. Come straight home after school. ( )
b. Go to bed promptly at a certain definite time. ( )
c. Come promptly to meals when called. ( )
d. Practice music lesson at least one half hour each day. ( )
e. Come home from parties at a certain time. ( )
f. Do not go to movies on school nights. ( )
g. Do not eat between meals. ( )
h. Keep in line going to and from classes at school. ( )
i. Come into the house in the evening at the time set. ( )
j.
k.
l.
m.

Place a check in ( ) after any of these rules you are supposed to obey. Underline those three you find most difficult. Add any other rules you are supposed to keep.

2. Make a poster illustrating one of these trail marks or danger signals which you find most difficult to follow. Place under the picture or illustration the words:

> "'Tis the king's call! O list!
> Thou heart and hand of mine, keep tryst—
> Keep tryst or die!"

Perhaps if you place this poster in your room where you can see it every day, it may help to remind you that the call of duty is the King's call.

3. Jesus also listened for his Father's call and followed in the midst of great difficulties. Read Mark 2:1 to 3:6 to discover what some of these difficulties were.

4. Would you like to win knighthood also as Sir Ederyn did? Then whenever a duty calls you remember it is the call of your King and an opportunity to "keep tryst" for him. Plan a knighting service to be held in the church or in your classroom, in which those of your class who have "kept tryst" with difficult duties and hard tasks may win their spurs as Knights of the Quest obedient to the greatest King of all.

KEEPING TRYST

LESSON VII

"I WOULD BE TRUE"

"Come on, fellows, how about a climb to the top before breakfast?" called out Jack, as the bugle call awakened the Pine Tree Patrol from slumber.

"We're with you," called out Walter, Joe, and Bill.

They found Scout Master Rogers not only willing for them to go but keen to go with them.

When they reached the topmost point each scout drew in his breath quickly, awed by the grandeur of the panorama which spread out before them. The sun was just rising and the purple mist was lifting, leaving behind it range upon range of mountains rolling away into the distance. Before them, in clear-cut outline, stood Mount Tray, like a lonely sentinel, stern and unyielding.

Mr. Rogers began to repeat Psalm 121:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains:
From whence shall my help come?
My help cometh from Jehovah,
Who made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Will neither slumber nor sleep.
Jehovah is thy keeper:
Jehovah is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
Jehovah will keep thee from all evil;
He will keep thy soul.
Jehovah will keep thy going out and thy coming in
From this time forth and for evermore."

"Some folks have called that the Travelers' Psalm," he added, "but I think it might be called the Campers' Song, too —especially when one camps in such mountains as these."

"I know one traveler who liked that psalm," said Jack. "We studied once in Sunday School about David Livingstone. Our book says they read that psalm for family prayers the morning he started off on his missionary travels."

"Well, he certainly needed to believe in a God as strong and steady as the mountains to help him go through all the dangers and difficulties he met in Africa," replied Mr. Rogers.

"Yes," answered Jack, "and the Africans soon learned that David Livingstone was that kind of man, too—dependable and faithful. We had a lesson about the time he wanted to find a way to the coast from the interior of the continent, so he persuaded a chief to let some of his men go with him. He promised the chief that he would come back all the way with them. When they reached the coast finally after many hardships he found a boat waiting for him there which would take him back to England to visit his home folks. But he kept his word to the African chief, making the long, hard journey back again into the interior. I call that pluck."

"Jesus said something about being true like that," added Mr. Rogers. "I suppose he knew how easy it is for some to go back on their word or to leave a job half finished, so he said, 'No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God,' Luke 9:62."

"There's another man I like to read about," said Jack. "That's Howard Arnold Walter. You know he was the missionary to India who wrote the song we like to sing so well in our department in Sunday School. He must have been faithful, too, to have stuck by those poor people in India the way he did when he might have made such a brilliant success in this country."

One of the boys began whistling the tune and soon all the boys joined in singing together:

[1] "I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare,
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift,
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift."

"I hear the breakfast call," said Joe suddenly, and they all raced down to camp.

"Walter, you're a great one, skipping off the way you did, as though you didn't have a care in the world," grumbled Jim as Walter sat down for breakfast. "Didn't you know you were on duty to help me to get breakfast this morning?"

"I declare, I forgot all about it," begged Walter, excusing himself.

"Double duty for you," was all Jim had to say, but Walter realized that once more he had failed to "keep tryst" with Pine Tree Patrol.

Our Part

1. The following are problems in "keeping tryst" which some boys and girls faced:

a. William was a Junior Police at school. Often the boys and girls in his class tried to bribe him when he sent them back to the home room for running in the halls. The other day a boy ran down the halls while William was on duty. William told him to report to the home room teacher. The boy said: "I want to get out to play ball. I'll go later." William did not report him because this boy happened to be his special friend. The teacher, however, expected him to report all such cases.

Do you think William would make a good public official in his community? Why or why not? What facts make it especially difficult for a boy or girl who is a member of the Safety Council or a Junior Police at school to keep tryst with public school authorities?

b. Henry's father paid him seventy-five cents to clean his car for him. Henry was to do it Saturday morning so that the car might be

[1] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 225.

all ready for his father to use that afternoon at four o'clock. That morning as Henry was on his way to the garage some boys on bicycles called to him, saying: "Come on, we're going to the Forest Preserves. We have grub enough for an extra." When he told them what he had promised to do the boys laughed at him and told him he could do it the next day or when he got back. It took a lot of courage for him to tell the boys that he wouldn't go. That afternoon when his dad came home he asked about the car. Henry took him out to the garage to show it to him. His father was pleased with the way Henry had done the work and gave him a cyclometer and a horn for his bicycle. Henry had been saving his money so that he could buy these two things.

What do you think was the greatest reward Henry received for being faithful in doing this task for his father?

c. Edna had been initiated into a club. She was pledged not to tell any of the club's secrets to anyone. There was nothing harmful about these secrets, nor anything she would be ashamed to have her mother know, but she had made a solemn promise not to tell anyone. Her mother found out that she had a secret and insisted on knowing what it was. Edna told her mother that she had promised not to tell. Her mother said she had no right to make such promises. Her mother wanted to know who told her the secrets. Edna could not tell that, either. What should Edna have done in this situation? What would you do if you were in her place:

(1) Tell your mother the secret with the understanding she will never tell anyone else?
(2) Refuse to tell your mother the secret?
(3) Tell your mother that the secret is nothing bad and ask her to trust you?
(4) Go to the girls in the club to whom you made your promise and explain to them that you are going to tell your mother the secret?
(5)
(6)

When, if ever, is it right to break a promise made to a friend? Why is safeguarding confidences essential in friendship? Is it ever right to keep a secret from your mother? If so, under what circumstances? Talk this problem over with your mother. Ask her what she thinks is the right thing to do in a case like this.

2. In what ways do boys and girls sometimes fail to be faithful in the following tasks:

a. Practicing their music lessons?
b. Washing dishes?

c. Running errands?
d. Taking care of younger children?
e. Keeping appointments?
f. Planning programs for class, club, or Young People's meetings?
g. Acting as officers at school, in club, or in Church School class?
h.
i.

3. Name three responsibilities which have been intrusted to you. Select the one of these three which you consider the most important and write down three definite ways of being faithful in carrying out this responsibility.

For example: I am president of my Sunday School class. If I am faithful to my duty, I should

a. Be present on time every Sunday morning.
b. Call up each week those members who were absent.
c. Preside at every business meeting.
d.
e.

4. Discover, if you can, something of the organization of the Pine Tree Patrol in Scouting. You may find this in the following books:

"The Church at Play," by Richardson, pp. 137-141.

"The Pine Tree Patrol," by Wilder, Department of Scout Supplies. Make a report to the class concerning it.

5. Read Luke 16:10, 12 to discover what Jesus said about being faithful in little duties and in caring for the property of another.

LESSON VIII

GUARDING CAMP

"Somebody had better stay around camp to-day," announced Mr. Rogers as everybody was getting up from breakfast. "Jack and I, last evening, thought we saw some fellows skulking about. They looked like tramps or sneak thieves. Joe, be sure you put out every bit of that fire. It's pretty dry around here and it looks as though a good, stiff breeze would blow up any minute. If this dry stuff around here once caught fire it would burn like tinder."

Jack looked from one boy to another. "Bob, how about you and Joe staying around camp to-day?"

Bob nodded slowly, but Joe only scowled. He didn't see why he should be picked. But he would try to obey orders for once.

The first hour or two went quietly enough. Bob was buried deep in a book he had brought with him. Finally he looked up. Joe was nowhere in sight. "He's just gone off for a piece; he'll be back soon," he thought to himself.

A few minutes later Joe came running up the mountain side. "O Bob, come, see what I've discovered," he cried out excitedly. "It's a cave—just down the mountain a little way. It looks as though some one had lived in it a long time ago. Come on, let's explore it."

Bob started down the mountain side, eager for adventure. Then he hesitated and held back. "But, Joe, what about camp?"

"Oh, the camp's safe enough," answered Joe impatiently. "Come on along. Nobody will ever know the difference. We'll get back long before the others come."

Bob took a step or two more in the direction of the cave.

Then there came floating into his mind the words of the song they had been singing that morning on the mountain top and the words of Sir Ederyn, "I keep the tryst." He turned abruptly and faced camp again resolutely. "Sorry, Joe, I can't go," he said. "They trusted us to guard the camp and I, for one, am going to be true."

"Oh, well, if you are so 'prissy' as all that, you can do as you please. I'm going to explore the cave."

Bob turned back slowly, fighting his battle. "It isn't fair," he kept saying to himself, "to have to miss this entire day out of our camping trip, staying around camp doing nothing."

He sat down in front of the tent, his head in his hands. Then he began pacing restlessly to and fro. Finally he settled down to read his book again. He had been reading for about half an hour when he started up suddenly. He thought he smelled smoke. Hurriedly he ran out around his tent to the other side of the camp where the camp fire had been made. The whole side of the hill seemed to be ablaze. The wind had veered suddenly and was blowing the blaze rapidly toward the tents. He was just in time. The blaze was spreading swiftly. He seized the bucket which was usually kept full of water for such emergencies. The bucket was empty. Joe had forgotten to fill it that morning. The spring where they got the water was several rods down the hill.

"Joe, Joe," he called frantically. But Joe was busy exploring his cave. There seemed to Bob no time to fetch buckets of water. He rushed into his tent and, seizing his army blanket, began to beat out the hungry flames with it. Step by step he fought the fire back. Hands and face were burned in the brave attempt, but he kept doggedly fighting the flames until they were under his control. He dropped to the ground exhausted just as Mr. Rogers and the other boys came rushing up the hill.

They had seen the smoke and, fearing trouble, had hurried back to camp.

Mr. Rogers gave one look at the fire, now under control,

and then a look at Bob. Turning to Roy, he said curtly, "Quick, bring the first-aid kit."

Roy hesitated, then turned pale as he stammered: "But, Mr. Rogers, it isn't here. I thought of it after we had got half way up the mountain but didn't want to ask the boys to go all the way back with me for it. I thought we probably shouldn't need it."

"Shouldn't need it?" blazed out Mr. Rogers. "That's not the question at all. It was your business to bring it, whether we needed it or not. Now the question is, What shall we do?"

"There's a doctor's house about a mile down the mountain," volunteered Fred. "Bob and I located it yesterday."

"Well, you fellows make double-quick time down there and get something for Bob's face and hands."

"Where's Joe?" inquired Mr. Rogers. He was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Rogers bit his lips. "I thought we told Joe to be careful about that fire. I'll guarantee he didn't fill up the bucket with water either."

It was a conscience-stricken boy who skulked into camp in time for supper. Jack looked at him with eyes full of scorn. "A Scout is trustworthy," he said to him under his breath. "You've got a long way to go to be one, sonny."

Our Part

1. What different responsibilities did the boys in the Pine Tree Patrol have? Which boys proved faithful? Which boys failed to be trustworthy?

2. What helped Bob to "keep tryst" when he was tempted to be unfaithful?

3. Do you think Joe should have been punished for his lack of faithfulness in guarding the camp? If you had been the scout master, or one of the boys, what would you have suggested?

4. What has helped you most to keep tryst with your responsibilities and with those who expect you to do certain things:
   a. A song you know, such as "I Would Be True"?
   b. The story of some one who was faithful?
   c. The example and teachings of Jesus?
   d. The influence of some friend who expects you to be dependable?

e. The desire to win your mother's and father's approval?
f. Fear of being called a slacker?
g. Fear of punishment?
h. The desire to do great things some day?
i.
j.

5. Jesus devoted his life to a great mission. He was faithful to it "even unto death." He would not turn back from fulfilling this mission. He knew that in Jerusalem his enemies were plotting to kill him. Read Luke 9:51; Mark 8:31-37; 9:30-32; 10:32-34, to learn what Jesus did in the face of this danger. What do you think may have helped Jesus to keep tryst with duty at this most trying time of his life?

6. Make a definite effort to keep tryst this week, as Bob did, with every home, school, club, and church responsibility in preparation for becoming a Knight of the Quest.

LESSON IX

FAITHFUL SHEPHERDS

Mr. Rogers was unusually sober that night as he sat by the camp fire. He looked from Joe to Bob and then back to Joe again, and then to Roy. The boys were all silent, too, waiting for him to speak.

At last he spoke: "You know, fellows, one of the most common occupations of Palestine to-day, as well as in Bible times, is that of the shepherd. And shepherds have to be trustworthy men. Day in and day out the helpless sheep must be protected, sometimes even at the risk of the shepherd's own life, for wolves and lions lurk in the caves and behind the cliffs, springing out upon the sheep. So familiar were the Hebrews with this phase of shepherd life that leaders were called shepherds of the people. One prophet wrote about false, selfish leaders, calling them faithless shepherds. He said their sheep were scattered upon every high hill with no one to seek them out, Ezek. 34:6. I want to tell you a story to-night of one shepherd boy who was faithful."

[2] The Shepherd Who Didn't Go

"You have all heard of the shepherds who went to Bethlehem, but I do not believe any of you have heard of the shepherd who didn't go. The Bible does not say anything about him, but his story has come to me, and I am going to tell it to you.

"The city of Bethlehem stood on a hill. Below the town, with its steep, narrow streets and white walls, were gray olive orchards. Below the orchards were gardens bright with flowers. Below the gardens lay green meadows, and beyond these, pasture lands that stretched away to the wilderness plains where little patches of grass grew among the

[2] From "The City That Never Was Reached," by Jay T. Stocking. Pilgrim Press, 1911. Used by permission.

bushes and between the great rocks. There were caves among these rocks where wolves used to skulk and sometimes robbers hid. So the shepherds who guarded their flocks in these wild pastures dared not leave them alone.

"One clear night, many centuries ago, four shepherds were watching their flocks in these pastures. Samuel, Ezra, Joel, and David were their names. Samuel, Ezra, and Joel were strong men, no longer young, with shaggy eyebrows and brown beards; Ezra's was short, Joel's long, and Samuel's streaked with gray. They owned the flocks which they tended. David was a boy with ruddy cheeks, bright eyes, and strong, lithe limbs. He cared for the flocks of old Abraham. Abraham was old and rich and did not work any more. He hired David, whose family was very poor, to care for his sheep.

"The flocks of the four shepherds were lying quietly on the plains far below the city, and, near by, Samuel, Ezra, Joel, and David lay wrapped in their shepherd cloaks.

"'Samuel,' said David, rising upon his elbow.

"'What is it, David?' asked the other in a deep voice.

"'Are you not glad that you tend sheep in Bethlehem instead of some far distant place?'

"'Why, David?' asked Samuel sleepily.

"'Because it is in Bethlehem that the King we have been looking for so long is to be born. I have been reading it in the Prophets only to-day.'

"'Have you only just heard of that?' asked Ezra sourly.

"'No,' replied the boy hotly. "I have heard my mother tell it ever since I can remember, and I have read it over and over again. Samuel.'

"'Yes, David?'

"'Do you ever think that we shall see the promised King?'

"'I do not know, my boy,' the older man answered sadly. 'We have waited long, and there seems little hope for Israel now. But he *will* come some day; he *will* come some day. Why do you ask, David?'

"'I cannot tell. It is often in my mind. Something made me think of it to-night. Perhaps it is because I read of him to-day. I would walk to the ends of the earth to see the Christ-child.'

"'Well, you need not start now,' grumbled Ezra, and Joel added roughly, 'Go to sleep, boy, the hour is late.'

"It was much later when David fell to sleep, for his head was full of dreams, and the stories of wonderful days to come about which his mother had told him. But at length he joined the rest in healthy slumber.

"Suddenly it seemed to each of them that something had passed over him and touched him lightly on the cheek. The older men raised themselves on their elbows, but David sprang to his feet. At first they saw only a great light which nearly blinded them; then they discerned a shining form in the sky, and heard a voice, saying: 'Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people; for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this is a sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.'

"And then all the sky was full of light and the air full of heavenly voices, singing,

" 'Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.'

"While the shepherds listened, half joyful, half afraid, the light faded and the voices floated away—'Good will to men—to men—to men,' and all was still as before. For a moment the shepherds looked at each other in silent awe and wonder. Then Ezra spoke in a voice dry with fear, 'What was it?'

"David stood speechless and Samuel answered reverently, 'Angels. Brothers,' he continued, 'a wonderful thing has happened to us; it has been a long time since angels have spoken to men.'

"Then he girded his shepherd's cloak about him and seized his staff. 'Come, Ezra, Joel, David, let us be going.'

" 'Going where?' asked Ezra and Joel.

" 'Why, to Bethlehem to see the Child. Did not the angel tell us the sign? Let us go at once to find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.'

" 'There be many mangers in Bethlehem,' objected Ezra.

" 'I know not how we shall find him,' said Joel. 'It is a vain search, I fear,' and he drew his cloak about him and reached for his staff, 'but I will go with you if you say.'

"So they started—Samuel, Ezra, and Joel—but David stood still.

" 'Come, David, make haste,' called Samuel.

But the boy did not move.

" 'I cannot go,' he said.

" 'Cannot go?' cried Samuel in amazement; and Ezra added, 'Who said but a little while ago that he would go to the ends of the earth to see the King?'

" 'And so I would,' cried David, 'but the sheep—we cannot leave the sheep alone.'

" 'The sheep will be safe enough,' said Samuel. 'The dogs will keep them together. There are no wolves to-night. Come, David.'

"But the boy was firm. 'There is my master; he will be angry if I leave his flocks alone.'

" 'Old Abraham will never know,' said Joel.

" 'Abraham is a hard master,' said David. 'Many a time I have felt his heavy staff on my back. But it is not that which keeps me. I have given him my word that, come day, come night, come life, come death, I will not fail to keep his flocks. Go on without me; I must keep my word. Go on.'

"So they went on, impatient and eager for this wondrous quest, Ezra and Joel muttering now and then at the obstinacy of the boy, but Samuel full of loving admiration. David watched them as they moved up the hill. That dream of finding the Christ-child—how could he give it up? Once he started forward: 'I will go.' But something held him back and he threw himself on the ground and kept back the bitter tears of disappointment. After a time he felt calmer, and found a certain comfort in thinking of the helplessness of the flocks.

"Suddenly the low growling of his dogs brought him to his sheep. But he saw nothing, heard nothing, and bade the dog be still. In a moment with a bark of alarm the dog was up and away. David sprang up, certain now that danger was near. There was panic in the flock. Toward the wilderness he could see lean gray forms moving stealthily and swiftly among the flock. Springing upon a rock, and waving his cloak in circles about his head, he uttered the familiar call which gathered the sheep about him, his own sheep nearest, and behind them the flocks of Samuel, Ezra, and Joel.

"The wolves made off and David quickly looked over his flock to see if all were there—for the eastern shepherd knows his sheep by name.

"One by one he named them, with an increasing feeling of relief. They were all there. No—one was missing, Ke-barbara, the pet of the flock. Ke-barbara means striped, and the little sheep was so called because of the dark marking on her fleece. After waving his staff over the huddled beasts, and uttering a few times the soothing cry, 'Hoo-oo, ta-a-a, hoo-o-o, ta-a-a,' he rushed off in the direction which the wolves had taken. At the top of the steep bank, at the edge of the pasture, he stopped and called, 'Ke-barbara,' and for answer heard an anguished bleat from the rocks below.

"It was a steep and slippery way, but David plunged down with no thought of anything but the sheep. Loose stones gave way and he lost his footing. At the bottom he picked himself up unhurt, and there, beside him, were two wolves quarreling over the wounded sheep. One of them slunk away at the sight of the boy but the other had had a taste of blood and sprang at David, missing his throat but sinking his teeth into his leg. Then David, as the beast turned to spring

again, struck him a heavy blow on the head with a staff and killed him. His own wounds were bleeding and painful, but he turned at once with caressing words to the sheep.

"'Ke-barbara, they have hurt you, little sheep. But they have not killed you. I reached you just in time. You cannot walk, can you? And I am afraid I cannot carry you, but I can help. There, put your head on my arm.' He groaned in pain. 'No, the other one.' So he talked to her as to a child, as the wounded boy and the wounded sheep slowly made their way up the steep hillside and over the rough rocks. It was a long way. Half an hour before the sturdy shepherd lad would have bounded over it quickly enough. But now the wounded leg was slow, the wounded arm was weak, and the wounded lamb seemed very heavy. It was a weary journey with many stops.

"When at last they reached the flock, still huddled and trembling together, David had only strength to give one reassuring 'Hoo-o-o, ta-a-a,' then fell exhausted.

"How long he lay there he did not know, but the dawn was growing bright when three men appeared from the direction of the town. It was not the shepherds, but old Abraham and two of his servants. As the old man caught sight of his flocks and saw no shepherd, he raged with anger.

"'David,' he shouted fiercely. 'David.'

"There was no answer.

"'The young vagabond! He has left the sheep. Of great worth are all his promises, 'Come life, come death.' Let me once find him and I will give him something he will remember longer than he does his vows.'

"As he drew near the flock he discovered the boy lying on the ground.

"'Ah, asleep!' he said, 'and the sun this high. Come, get up,' he shouted fiercely, and lifted his staff to strike; but as he did so he caught sight of the white face and bleeding arm and noticed the wounded sheep.

"Old Abraham dropped his angry arm and there was a touch of tenderness that was strange to him as he continued: 'Ah, David, boy. You did not forget your promises, did you, David? And I would have struck you. Forgive me, my lad.'

"Then, turning to his servants, he gave them command, 'Take him to the inn, and bid them care for him. I myself will keep the flock to-day.'

"The servants bowed low. 'The inn is full, my lord.'

"Old Abraham commanded again positively. 'Take him to the inn, I say.'

"'But the inn is full, my lord,' replied the older servant trembling.

"Then the other servant spoke, 'There is perhaps room in the stable, my lord.'

" 'Then bear him thither and bid them give him the best of care. Go at once.'

"So the servants bore David away, still unconscious from his wounds, and made him comfortable on a bed of straw in the stable of the inn.

"It was some hours before he came to himself. When at last he opened his eyes, and his ears began to catch once more the sounds about him, the first thing he heard was a faint cry.

" 'What is that?' he asked eagerly of Samuel, who was watching beside him.

" 'That,' said Samuel, the old shepherd, 'is the Child the angels told us about, the Child we came to see. We found him here in a manger in the stable.'

" 'And am I not to see him?'

" 'Yes, you are,' said Samuel, and a grave-faced man brought the Child and laid him in David's arms—the Child for whose coming the people had been longing for a thousand years.

"The color at length came back to David's white cheeks and strength and health to his limbs and he went back again to the plain. Old Abraham embraced him. 'Forgive me, my son. I have been a hard master. You have been very faithful, and, for your reward, I make you lord over all my flocks and half of them shall be your own.'

"So David became a man of flocks, and all his days he was known among the shepherds as the one who had held the Christ-child in his arms. And there was none among them who was thought so brave and gentle and wise as the shepherd who didn't go."

"Help us to be like David, the brave shepherd boy, true to every trust, that we may become faithful leaders of the future."

This was their earnest prayer that last evening around the camp fire. And Bob, as he looked into the face of his dearly loved friend and scout master and felt deep in his heart the approval of the Good Shepherd, was quite sure that after all the last day of camp had not been wasted for him. For now he, too, on his burnt hands and face, was sharing with his Leader and Comrade in the Quest the cost of faithfulness. He, too, had kept tryst.

Our Part

1. Read Mark 6:32-34 to discover why Jesus felt sorry for the crowds who came flocking to him. Compare this picture of the crowds

with the picture in Ezek. 34:1-6. Read also John 10:11-15 for a description of Jesus as a faithful shepherd. Make a list of other shepherd passages you can discover in the Bible.

2. In what way was David, the shepherd boy, like Jesus, the Good Shepherd?

3. In what way was Bob's problem like that of David, the shepherd boy? What was David's reward for faithfulness? What were Bob's rewards?

4. Make plans for dramatizing this story, "The Shepherd Who Didn't Go," if you think it would make an appropriate Christmas program. Decide on the different scenes and the conversation for each character. Select those who will take the different parts. Appoint committees to plan for costumes, stage setting, music, and lighting. Be sure that each one selected is willing and able to accept and carry out the responsibilities and duties involved.

GIVING GOLDEN GIFTS

LESSON X

PROBLEMS IN GIVING AND SHARING

As THE Christmas season approached the boys and girls who were following the Quest found their minds full of plans for the gifts they would make to their home folks and friends and the gifts they might, perhaps, receive from them. These Christmas plans brought problems, too. These were some of the questions they were asking:

Why do we give gifts at Christmas time?
Shall we give only to those from whom we expect something in return?
Shall we always judge gifts by their money value?

But long before this they had discovered that the Christian life is one of unselfish sharing of all life's gifts. These were some of the opportunities for everyday giving and sharing which some followers of the Quest faced:

1. Polly went to visit an orphanage one day just before Christmas. When she reached home she thought of the dolls and childish toys she had stored away in the attic. She got down a basketful of them and carried them over to the orphanage for the children. She felt very happy over this kind deed.

2. Dorothy had come to camp from a mountain school in Kentucky. One day the girls in her school were told of the starving children of the Near East. They wanted to help them in some way, but how to do it was a problem, for not one of these girls had spending money of her own. Finally they went to the principal of the school and asked her if they might be permitted to go without their Thanksgiving dinner, which they always enjoyed so much, in order that the money it would cost might be sent to help the children they had heard about. Their principal finally consented to provide these girls only the plainest sort of fare on Thanksgiving Day. She told them that she would

give them the extra money she would save from their meal. This money the girls sent to the Near East fund.

3. Helen was given ten dollars to spend as she pleased. Which of the following would be the most unselfish way to spend the money? Which would do the most good? Which would be most helpful to Helen herself?

a. To buy a hat she had wanted for herself.
b. To treat her special friends to a good time.
c. To find a poor family and plan to give the children a happy Christmas.
d. To give it to the Community Chest.

In which case would Helen be giving other things than money?

4. Catherine was coming home from town on the elevated, tired from a day's shopping. She saw an older woman standing and looking around for a seat. How might Catherine show a spirit of unselfishness?

5. One day John rode his bicycle to a skating rink about a mile from his house. He found, when he reached the pond, that one of his Scout friends had hurt his head and felt dizzy. John wanted to help him, but lending him his bicycle would mean that John would be obliged to walk a mile on his ice skates, since he had left his other shoes at home. What different things might John have done in this case?

a. Told his friend he was sorry and then gone on skating.
b. Tried to get one of the other boys to take him home.
c.
d.
e.

What would have been the most unselfish thing to do?

6. Bessie wanted to go to a show with another girl but her mother needed her at home to help to care for a baby she was keeping for another woman. Bessie's mother had been working hard all day and was very tired. After much coaxing Bessie's mother gave her permission to go to the show. What might Bessie have done about it?

a. Shared this work with her mother willingly and gladly.
b. Stayed home reluctantly, cross because she was obliged to give up her good time.
c. Taken care of the baby alone and let her mother have a rest.
d. Gone to the show but brought her mother a box of candy to make up for what she had done.

Which would have been the most Christian thing to do?

7. One afternoon after she returned from camp Gretchen went to her mother and asked her if she might buy a pair of roller skates which were on sale at the hardware store at $1.50. Her younger sister

heard her asking and wanted some skates, too. Gretchen's mother said that they could not both have skates because she hadn't money enough to buy two pairs. Gretchen was about to insist that she be the one to have them since she had asked for them first. Then she thought of the Quest and of what Christ would have her do. She gave up the idea of having a new pair of skates and let her sister have them.

8. Susan had been looking forward for a long time to an automobile trip she had been invited to take with some friends. When the time to go came, however, she discovered that the car would be so crowded that either she or a very much younger child who had also been looking forward to the trip must be left behind. It was hard to give up the trip at first but afterwards she was glad that she had not been selfish about it for she knew the little child would have been keenly disappointed in missing it.

Our Part

1. Peter and John one day saw a lame man lying near the Beautiful Gate of the Temple begging for alms. He asked them for some money. What did Peter answer? Acts 3:1-8. What gift did Peter and John, with God's help and in the name of Jesus, give the man that day? Why was this gift better than money?

2. Tell the class of the most unselfish act you have seen recently.

3. Make a list of some of Jesus' unselfish deeds of service for others as you have read them in your study of Mark's Gospel.

4. Make a list of the ways you may show an unselfish spirit:

a. During play period at school.

b. At home when your mother is sick.

c. Toward an older guest who is in your home.

d. As a guest in the home of a friend or relative.

e. At camp.

f. During the Christmas season at home.

5. Delia and her sister Rachel both had lavalieres which they prized very much. But Delia, who is somewhat careless with her things, lost the chain to hers. One day she asked Rachel if she might not wear her lavaliere. Rachael did not want anything to happen to it, as she tried to explain to her careless sister. She did not wish to be stingy but she knew that if she stayed in the room with her sister long enough she would be sure to give in and let her wear it, so she left the room.

Is there such a thing as being too unselfish? What do you think Rachel should have done in this case?

LESSON XI

GOLDEN GIFTS

"Oh, dear," said Virginia, one Saturday afternoon in December, "I must begin working on my Christmas list. It is almost Christmas time and I haven't started my shopping. I never know what to buy some of these folks. There's Aunt Hannah, for example. I suppose I'll buy her a box of handkerchiefs as I did last year. The dear old soul must have quite a collection of them by this time. I wonder if she keeps them, or parcels them out to her other friends and relatives the way I do the aprons she is always giving me."

Robert looked up from the book he was reading. "Why not buy your own aprons and let Aunt Hannah buy her own handkerchiefs?" he suggested. "It seems to me that would be a much more sensible arrangement. I never could see much sense in all this Christmas giving anyway. It certainly gets to be a bore sometimes."

"It wouldn't be a bore to me," chimed in Agnes, Robert's younger sister, "if only I could earn money the way you do. I'd just love to give the home folks and my best friends something really worth while. There's Aunt Fannie, too. She is always giving me such elegant presents: a gold ring one year; a gold watch; and last year that adorable gold-mounted fountain pen. But what can I give her with such a small allowance as I have every week? It's rather difficult to buy a gold present with copper coins."

Grandmother Ross, who was sitting quietly in her armchair listening to the conversation, spoke up then:

"Yes, it's true. Golden gifts do cost a great deal. But have you ever heard the saying, "Love turns the gift to gold"?

"Well, I wish all the gifts I give this Christmas might turn to gold," sighed Agnes.

"It seems to me I heard a story once about this," added grandmother.

"Oh, tell it to us now," begged Virginia, Agnes, and Robert in one breath. Quickly they gathered around the old lady, eager and expectant.

This is the story she told them:

[1] The Golden Goblet

"Ever and ever so long ago there was a king by the name of Saxon, who lived in Saxon land. He was tall and straight and strong and handsome and fair, as the king of Saxon land should be, and his blue eyes looked out, gentle and mild, over his full beard, as the summer moon looks out over the top of forest trees.

"Years before, when King Saxon was Prince Saxon, he had a teacher, and that teacher's name was Martin von Hove (Huv). Martin was a very wise man. He taught the prince what was in the books, and he taught him more. He taught him how he ought to live, and how he ought to spend his money, and how he ought to give it away; and that was very necessary, because the prince had much to spend and much to give away. Martin taught him very many wise sayings and proverbs. I remember only two of them: 'The gladdest gift is the biggest gift,' and 'Love turns the gift to gold.' Martin's maxims, as they were called, became known throughout the court.

"Now Prince Saxon was devoted to his teacher, Martin von Hove, until one unlucky day when Martin rebuked him for something he had said or done, and then the prince, in hot anger, with the consent of his father, cruelly dismissed the old teacher from his court.

"Martin lived for a time in lodgings near by, hoping that the prince would get over his anger and invite him back. But as the weeks passed by and grew into months, and the prince did not repent and invite him back, Martin moved to a most distant town on the edge of the realm and there he founded a little school in which he taught the village boys and girls. He taught them just the same wise things that he used to teach the prince—how they should live, how they should spend their money, and how they should give it away.

"By and by there came to him a little son of his own. He called him Ludwig—Ludwig von Hove. Martin took special pains with his

[1] From "The Golden Goblet, and Other Stories," by Jay T. Stocking. Pilgrim Press, 1914. Used by permission.

own child. He taught him what was in the books, and he taught him more—how he should spend his money and how he should give it away. And this was very necessary, because he had so little to spend and so little to give away. The house was very bare, the table did not have very much on it, and they never had more than a few coins at a time to keep or to spend. There was one maxim in particular which Martin taught little Ludwig, and in order that the boy might remember it better, he put it in the form of a rime:

"'Remember the saying of long ago,
The wiseman taught of old;
Love turns the gift to gold, you know,
Love turns the gift to gold.'

"At length Martin grew really homesick for a sight of Prince Saxon, who had now become King Saxon; so he moved back again to the city of the king and took some poor lodgings just outside the city gate.

"Martin had long ago forgiven King Saxon, and in all the stories of the court which he had told little Ludwig he had spoken only of the good things which the prince had said and done; so Ludwig had learned to admire the king very much.

"One day as Ludwig stood at the street corner, dressed in his shabby little coat, the king passed by and Ludwig saluted him. The king turned, bowed, and smiled. Then Ludwig loved King Saxon with all his heart. And it was very well, for King Saxon was loved of all his people; he had grown to be so generous and true and kind and just.

"Not long after the king announced that he was going away for a long holiday across the sea, and he proclaimed a public day at the court on which his subjects might come and pay their respects and say their farewells. Ludwig asked permission to go, and gained it.

"But what should he take to the king? Ludwig knew very well that, though it was not necessary, it was very courteous for one to take a gift to the king when he called upon him. But what could Ludwig give to a king?

"'I have only one small coin, father,' he said. 'What can I buy with that that is fit to give the king?'

"'Remember, Ludwig,' said his father: '"The gladdest gift is the biggest gift."

"'"Remember the saying of long ago,
The wiseman taught of old;
Love turns the gift to gold, you know,
Love turns the gift to gold."'

"Ludwig must have looked into every shop window in that city, and must have learned by heart everything there was in every shop window to see what he could buy with his one small coin. And the more he

looked, the more difficult it was to decide what to buy; and, as often happens when one looks so long to buy the proper thing, he bought what seemed a very strange thing—a little tin cup. It was a bright tin cup, however, and it had the picture of the king upon the outside. It pleased Ludwig, and Ludwig thought it would please the king. Then, too, Ludwig was just young and simple enough to think that perhaps the king would grow thirsty upon his long journey, and that he would take a drink from the little tin cup.

"Ludwig took a little piece of paper and wrote upon it:

" 'To the king, with my love,
From Ludwig von Hove'

and put that inside the tin cup. Then he wrapped it up in a piece of brown paper, put it in his pocket, and went to the palace.

"When he reached the palace he saw great lords and ladies, clad in gay and costly clothes, walking up the white marble steps that led to the great house. The guards looked scornfully at the shabby little lad as he climbed the steps, walked between them, and passed through the door which led into the great reception hall.

"Ludwig had never seen anything so beautiful in all his life. The floor was as white as snow, the walls were covered with tapestries, the windows were hung with purple curtains. At the end of the hall upon his throne, which was covered with purple fringed with gold, sat the king. He was clad in a purple robe that was bordered with gold. Beside him stood his bodyguard, his servants, and his messengers. At the right stood a herald, at the left was a clerk, and by the side of the clerk was a scribe.

"As the people passed by, the herald announced their names, and the clerk received and announced their gifts. To each gift was attached a little card, on which was written the name of the giver and some words of greeting or petition; and you could see by what was written on the cards that many made their gifts hoping that they would receive something from the king in return. These cards it was the business of the scribe to read to the king. So as the people passed by, the herald announced their names, the clerk announced their gifts, and the scribe read their cards to the king.

"There were a great many who passed by.

" 'Lord Want More,' announced the herald.

" 'A silken purse,' said the clerk.

"And the scribe read to the king:

" 'For the king's return I will patiently wait:
Perhaps he will give me a larger estate.'

" 'Sir Seek Favor,' announced the herald.

" 'A silver salver,' said the clerk.

"And the scribe read from the written card:

"'From the king, of course, I expect no reward;
But perhaps he would like to make me a lord.'

"'Lady Love Looks,' announced the herald.

"'A jeweled match box,' said the clerk.

"And the scribe read:

"'I have many hopes, but greatest of all
Is to dance some day with the king at a ball.'

"'Mistress Fond Mother,' announced the herald.

"'A carven shield,' said the clerk.

"And the scribe read:

"'A humble request I send with this card,
That my sons might serve on the bodyguard.'

"'Mr. Rich Fellow,' announced the herald.

"'A gilded punch bowl,' said the clerk.

"And the scribe read:

"'When the king returns from over the sea,
I hope he will remember me.'

"There were so many people in the line that I cannot remember the names of them all or mention their gifts. It was plain to be seen that the king grew very weary; and when the very end of the line came, and Ludwig at the end, the king was talking to one of his messengers at his side. He did not see Ludwig as he passed by. The herald looked haughtily over the head of the shabby lad and did not take the trouble to announce his name. The clerk did not proclaim his gift; he did not even hand it to the scribe. He took it and tossed it carelessly to the serving man who stood behind him.

"Ludwig's heart was nearly broken. The herald had not announced his name. The clerk had not announced his gift. It had not even been given to the scribe, and the king would never see it. It had been tossed away to be forgotten. And, worst of all, the king had not even seen him when he passed by. His first thought was to rush from the room as fast as he could, but it was so grand a place that it fascinated him, and he stayed and looked around at the beautiful hall, gazed at the king, and listened to the grand lords and ladies as they talked.

"When the king saw that the line had passed by and that there were no more people to follow, he arose and spoke a few words to his subjects. He wished them great joy, health, and happiness while he was oversea. He would be glad to greet them upon his return, he said.

"'A cup!' called he to the messenger, that he might drink their health.

"The serving man brought him a tray with a goblet upon it. The king took it carelessly, then looked at it in amazement. It was the most beautiful goblet that he had ever seen. It could not be his. He had no

goblet like that—yet there was his picture on the outside of it. He was puzzled. He turned to the serving man for explanation.

"'Whence got you this?'

"'The gift of one of your guests, your Majesty.'

"'What might be his name?'

"'Ludwig, your Majesty, I think. Your Majesty will find it inside the goblet.'

"The king removed a piece of paper upon which were written the words:

"'To the king, with my love,
From Ludwig von Hove.'

"He nodded to the herald, and the herald proclaimed in a loud voice: 'Ludwig von Hove! Let him step before the king.'

"The lords and ladies looked about excitedly, curious to see the magnificent man who had presented so costly a gift. But no one stirred.

"The king nodded again to the herald. A second time the herald announced: 'Ludwig von Hove, or his servant! Let him step before the king.'

"The eyes of all the lords and ladies were held so high that they did not see little Ludwig until he was fairly before the throne. How small and shabby he looked as he stood there before the great, tall king in his robe of purple and gold!

"Ludwig was frightened.

"'What is thy name?' asked the king, sure that he was a servant.

"'Ludwig von Hove, your Majesty.'

"'Ludwig von Hove. And is this thy gift to the king?'

"'No, your Majesty. There is some mistake. My gift was just a little tin cup—just a little one—a bright, shiny one.'

"The king turned to his serving man for explanation.

"'It is the same, your Majesty. I received it from the hand of the clerk, who took it from the hand of this youth.'

"Ludwig was now certain that something must be wrong and was greatly troubled.

"'Thou sayest thy name is Ludwig von Hove?' asked the king slowly.

"'Yes, your Majesty.'

"'And thy father's name?'

"'Martin von Hove, your Majesty.'

"'Martin von Hove,' repeated the king, a look of pleasure and surprise upon his face.

"'And his trade?'

"'He is a teacher, your Majesty.'

"'Where does he live?'

"'Outside the city's gate, your Majesty.'

"The king turned to his messenger.

" 'Send for him at once. Say to him that the king commands him to come. Make haste.'

" 'And thou sayest,' said the king, turning again to Ludwig, 'that it was a tin cup thou didst give to the scribe?'

" 'A little tin cup, your Majesty.'

" 'And didst thou write these words:

" " 'To the king, with my love,
From Ludwig von Hove,' "

and didst put them inside the cup?'

" 'I did, your Majesty.'

" 'The king rubbed his hand over his forehead as if trying to remember something. Then he looked as if he had remembered, and repeated slowly, for he had not heard the words for twenty years:

" 'Remember the saying of long ago,
The wiseman taught of old,
Love turns the gift to gold, you know,
Love turns the gift to gold.'

" 'I understand,' said he. 'It is plain. Thy father taught me this many years ago.'

"The messenger returned, bringing Martin with him. The king gave Martin his hand, and spoke to him gravely and tenderly.

" 'Behold,' said he, 'the wisest man I have yet found in my realm.'

"Then the king gave command that Ludwig should be made the king's cupbearer, and his father should be appointed the teacher of his own young prince.

"Ludwig served the king faithfully until the king grew to be a very old man. He often carried to the king this golden cup which he had given to the king and from it the king frequently drank.

"When the king grew to be a very old man, he called Ludwig to him one day and gave him the golden goblet. He told him he might keep it as long as he lived, and then give it to his children, and his children's children, that they might know how much the king had loved their father and grandfather. Upon one side of the cup the king wrote these words, cut deep in the gold: 'To Ludwig, from Saxon, King,' and upon the other side was the one line, 'Love turns the gift to gold.' "

There was quiet for a moment after Grandmother Ross had finished the story.

Agnes broke the silence. "Well, I hope the tin cups I give this Christmas will all prove to be golden goblets."

"I suppose it's the love and the thought which goes into the gift which counts after all," added Virginia slowly.

"Well, it certainly ought not to be hard to give love gifts to mother and father and all you dear home folks," said Agnes; "they can be 'golden' gifts at least."

"Let's make this a golden Christmas, and begin right now," spoke out Robert, fairly bursting with his new idea. I'm going to begin my list of golden gifts immediately. Don't any of you look over my shoulder. I have several good ideas already."

"So have I," added Agnes, "and they're not the kind of gifts which will take lots of money either."

Our Part

1. Make a list of the golden gifts you would like to give this Christmas time. Perhaps there is something you might share with another member of the family which cannot be bought with money; or a good time you might sacrifice for some one you love. It may be there is some home task you may share more cheerfully during the coming year.

2. Watch during the coming week for the unselfish deeds of others: in your home; on the street or in other public places; at school; at church; on the playground. Keep a record of these golden deeds. Watch also for illustrations of unselfishness given in the newspapers, magazines, and movies.

3. Plan to make a Golden Gift book in which you may write down these records of golden gifts which you have observed or read about. Make the covers of the book of heavy gold-colored paper and decorate it with a goblet design to remind you of the story of Ludwig. Perhaps you would like to select also a quotation about unselfish giving and sharing to write in this book.

4. Begin to plan some way in which your class may give a golden Christmas to some person or some group in your community. The following are suggestions of ways in which you might help some to have a happy Christmas:

a. Find some lonely old person in your town. Plan to visit this person on Christmas Eve, bringing love gifts which this old person would appreciate. Sing Christmas carols.

b. There may be an Old People's Home in your town. Plan to give a Christmas program and a Christmas tree there for the old folks.

c. Visit the Children's Hospital. Plan a Christmas tree for the con-

valescent children. Make scrapbooks, dress dolls, or plan other Christmas gifts for them.

d. Consult with the Associated Charities in your town to find some poor family in need of help at Christmas time. Plan a Christmas tree for this home, with appropriate gifts for each member of the family.

5. Read the poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," by James Russell Lowell. What two different gifts did Sir Launfal give in his dream? Which was the golden gift? What made it golden?

Memorize the following quotation from this poem:

[2]The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.

What is meant by the "Holy Supper"? What three does the poet say are fed when we share what we have with a needy neighbor? What does he mean by this?

[2]From "The Vision of Sir Launfal," by James Russell Lowell. Houghton Mifflin. Used by permission.

LESSON XII

THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL

The next evening the entire family gathered around the fireplace, enjoying a quiet Sunday evening at home. Robert was popping corn for the Sunday night supper. It had always been the custom in the Ross family for each one to learn a new Bible verse or a new Bible story to tell on this occasion. But for to-night they had agreed to discover in their Bibles all the stories of golden gifts they could find. They finished eating their pop corn and apples and drew closer together. Agnes went to get Bibles for them all.

"You start first, dad," called out Robert. "I hope you don't take mine."

"I am thinking," said his father, "of a gift which the Hebrew people gave many years ago to help to make the tabernacle, their place of worship, more beautiful. The story says that they brought their jewelry and fine linen. It also says that they offered these gifts willingly; so they were surely golden gifts."

The entire family read together the story in Ex. 35:4-29.

"Mine was the story of a gift for God's house, too, only not half so gorgeous," said Agnes. "It was a gift which a poor widow offered in the Temple. It was only two mites, a copper offering, the kind I am always compelled to give; but I'm sure it must have turned to gold, like Ludwig's cup, for Jesus said it was more than all the rich men had cast in."

This story they found in Mark 12:41-44.

Robert could hardly wait until his turn should come. "I found the story of a gift a fellow like me gave one day to Jesus. I read a story about it in a book and then I looked it up in the Bible. Sure enough, I found all about it there.

It's in John 6:1-13. It was great, wasn't it, that Jesus wanted to use a boy's lunch for that crowd. I wish I had been in his place. I should have liked to give him mine."

"I think I've found one of the loveliest of all," said Virginia. "It is the gift which Mary of Bethany gave to Jesus to show her love for him. It was just before he was crucified. I think she must have known what he was facing. At least she took a precious jar of ointment she had been saving and poured it all out on his feet so that the whole house was filled with its fragrance. That was surely a golden gift, for she gave the best she had."

"Where do you find that story?" asked Robert.

"In Mark 14:3-9," answered Virginia, and they all turned to the passage to read it together.

"And now, mother, we're waiting for yours," said Agnes.

"Mine," said Mrs. Ross, "was the gift which a mother gave to God. I am sure it was a golden gift, for it was her own son. She had asked God for a son and when God gave her one, she gave him back to God to serve in his Temple."

"That must have been Hannah; and the boy was Samuel," said Robert. "I know that story."

Together they read the story in I Sam. 1:21-28.

"And now, grandmother," said Agnes, "we're waiting for yours. You always think up such good ones."

"Yes, children, I believe mine is the very best of all; for it was God's love gift to the world, the Gift of his only Son, Jesus." She began to quote reverently: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life," John 3:16.

"Grandmother is right; that was the most golden gift of all," said father.

"Why, we shouldn't be having Christmas at all if it were not for that gift," chimed in Agnes.

"Let's sing one of the Christmas songs to-night," spoke out Robert. "Grandmother, which one shall we sing?"

They gathered around the piano. Grandmother turned to the Christmas hymn by Phillips Brooks, "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

They sang it together thoughtfully:

[3] "O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

"For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

"How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in."

The last stanza they sang as a prayer:

"O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel."

[3] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 78.

As Father and Mother Ross looked into the earnest faces of their children they thanked God silently for the greatest gift of all.

This was Father Ross's prayer that night:

"Our Father, we thank thee for all thy good gifts to us. Most of all we thank thee for thy great love gift of Jesus. Help us to make this Christmas time a golden memory because all of our gifts have been turned into golden ones through the love which goes with them. Amen."

Our Part

1. Learn any one stanza of this beautiful Christmas hymn by Phillips Brooks.

2. Make a list of those golden gifts which the Ross family told about on Sunday evening around the fireplace. To whom was each given? What made each gift golden?

3. Write out neatly on a sheet of good note paper a note to your mother, father, brother, or sister, telling of some love gift you wish to make. This might be in the form of a promise for the coming year of some sacrifice you will cheerfully make for them; of a task you will try to do more faithfully; of some fault you will try to correct. Place this note in an envelope and fasten it with a gold cord or ribbon so it will be ready to tie on the Christmas tree at home on Christmas Eve, or on the Christmas tree at school. You might like to decorate the envelope with the design of the golden goblet.

4. Complete preparations for the "golden" Christmas you are planning, as a class, for some group. If you have decided to have a Christmas tree, bring your gifts wrapped in gold-colored paper or tied with gold cord. Oranges might prove acceptable golden gifts for children or old people. These may be piled at the base of the tree. Perhaps, before you take your tree to the orphanage, hospital, or home, you would like to form a magic circle around it, repeating Ludwig's magic words, "Love turns the gift to gold," praying for God's richest blessing on these gifts you have brought and on all your plans for bringing Christmas cheer to others.

5. What golden gifts may you give to God this Christmas in gratitude for his love gift of Jesus to the world?

ON THE TRAIL OF HAPPINESS

A WEEK DAY CLASS AT OAK PARK, ILL.

LESSON XIII

SOME SECRETS OF HAPPINESS

HAVE you ever known people who, in the midst of keen disappointments, hardship, poverty, and loneliness, have nevertheless managed to live joyfully and triumphantly? Such joyful people are real pioneers who have opened up the trail of happiness for others. They make all around them happy also, for joy is contagious.

Phillips Brooks, the great Boston preacher, must have been one of these pioneers, for one day the following item was printed in the Boston newspaper about him:

"The day was dark and gloomy, but Phillips Brooks walked down through Newspaper Row and all was bright."

What secrets of true and lasting happiness may we discover from some of these happy people?

Helen Keller, though blind and deaf all her life, discovered one secret. This is what she said about it:

[1] "Happiness cannot come from without. It must come from within. It is not that which we touch or feel, or that which others do for us which makes us happy. It is that which we think and feel and do, first for the other fellow, and then for ourselves."

One hot summer afternoon in a Vacation School in Boston the great teacher, Alice Freeman Palmer, found her schoolroom full of girls from the crowded slum district, each with a baby sister in her arms whom it was her duty to tend. One of the small, pale-faced girls asked Mrs. Palmer the question, "Tell us how to be happy." These were the three rules she gave them that day:

[1] From "The Good Cheer Book," edited by B. E. Herbert. Lothrop, 1919.

[2] a. Commit something good to memory each day.
b. Look for something beautiful every day.
c. Do something kind for some one every day.

Another person who seemed to have discovered the secret of joyous living was the poet and story-writer, Robert Louis Stevenson. Though exiled from his native land and home people in his struggle to regain his health, he radiated good cheer and joy to those around him and has brought happiness to many children and young people through his poems and stories. Though in frail health and suffering greatly, at times compelled to lie in bed day and night with his eyes bandaged, this brave man could write such cheerful verses as this:

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

This was one of his prayers:

[3] "Give us to awake with smiles; give us to labor smiling; and as the sun lightens the world, so let our loving-kindness make bright this house of our habitation."

Paul, the apostle of the cross, was also a pioneer in the art of living joyfully. When he and his companion, Silas, were imprisoned for preaching the good news concerning Jesus they sang hymns of praise in their prison cells, Acts 16:19-25. When he was in prison in Rome he wrote a letter to his Philippian friends. This letter is by no means gloomy. It is full of rejoicing. Read Phil. 4:6, 8, 11 to learn of some secrets Paul had discovered along the trail of joyful living.

What are some of the things which should help to make us "as happy as kings"? What secrets of joyful living have you discovered? Suppose you take an inventory of your resources for happiness.

[2] From "The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," by G. H. Palmer, Houghton Mifflin, 1924. Used by permission.

[3] See "Prayers Written at Vailima." Scribners, 1911.

Resources for Happiness

1. Do good books ever make you happy? ( )
   If so, name one book you have enjoyed reading recently.
   .....
2. Do you enjoy hiking in the open country? ( )
3. Does a gorgeous sunset, or a beautiful mountain scene thrill you? ( )
4. Do you enjoy nature study: studying birds ( ); studying flowers ( ); any other kind of nature study?.....
5. If you had your choice, would you spend an afternoon at an art gallery ( ); at a concert ( ); at a good movie ( ); at a vaudeville show ( )?
6. Is your idea of a good time: a game of basketball ( ); a game of football ( ); a game of baseball ( ); some other game ( )?
7. Which do you enjoy most: swimming ( ); skating ( ); fishing ( ); some other out-of-door sport ( )?
8. Do friends contribute to your happiness? ( ) Are these friends: older folks ( ); younger friends ( ); friends of your own age ( ); home folks ( )?
   Do you most enjoy: boy friends ( ); girl friends ( )?
9. Have you discovered yet the thrill of happiness which comes in doing something kind for some one else? ( ) Tell of one deed of service which has brought the most real joy to you.....
   .....
   Have you found helping others a way by which you may drive out gloom and bring cheer to your own heart?
10. Have you found any joy and satisfaction in knowing that you are living each day in a way pleasing to the heavenly Father? ( )
11.
12.

Check in the parentheses three of these sources of happiness which really mean most to you. Add others to this list if you wish.

Read the following hymn to discover those things which brought joy to the author, and for which he thanked God:

[4] "For the beauty of the earth;
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies;

[4] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 55.

"For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light;

"For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild;

"For each perfect gift of thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven;

Chorus: "Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise."

Spend a few moments quietly thinking over all the things which bring the greatest happiness into your life. Do you wish to thank God for these? Write a prayer thanking him for these good gifts which bring you joy.

Our Part

1. The following were problems in happiness which some boys and girls faced:

a. It was moving day at Archie's house and everything was terribly upset. When he started to school in the morning he could find neither his book bag nor his baseball mitt. The search for these made Archie late for school, so the teacher told him to stay after school for being tardy. That meant he would have to miss at least a half hour of baseball practice. Because of this Archie was cross all day long. The other boys would have nothing to do with him at play period. They said he had 'a grouch on.' At noon Archie complained of the lunch his mother had prepared. That evening after school, when his mother wanted him to help her, he complained, "I never can have any fun like the rest of the fellows."

What secret of happiness did Archie need to learn? Why wouldn't the other boys play with him?

b. Genevieve had been very sick and out of school for a month or two. When she returned to school, her teacher and her mother agreed that it would be better for Genevieve to repeat the term's work, drop-

ping behind her class. Genevieve was so keenly disappointed that she could hardly keep the tears back. This situation threatened to wreck her happiness completely. Instead of spending her time at play period getting better acquainted with her new classmates she moped around by herself until the girls all thought she did not wish to make friends with them.

Did you ever have to repeat a grade at school? What would you do if you were in Genevieve's place? What advice would you give Genevieve which you think would help her to find her way to happiness again?

c. One day Marie's mother began to make her a new dress. But there was something about it Marie didn't like. She said the style was old-fashioned. She fussed and cried about it and was unhappy about it all day long. She also made her mother very unhappy by her unkind remarks.

Has such a thing as a hat or a dress which didn't suit you ever wrecked your happiness for the day? What secret of happiness would help you in such a situation as this?

d. Irene does not mingle with the girls in her room at school. She is a newcomer in the city and has not yet become acquainted with the girls. She is never asked to any parties and has no chum among the girls. She says she doesn't get any fun out of life. What is the cause of Irene's unhappiness? What would you suggest that Irene do to help out the situation?

e. Bert had broken one of his father's tools and had blamed it upon a Negro servant who worked around the place. For some reason Bert was not very happy all day long—not even when his father took him that afternoon to a baseball game. That evening he told his father the truth about the broken tool and went to bed feeling happier. What caused Bert's unhappiness? What is the secret of finding happiness in a situation like his?

2. Write a description of the best time you have had this year. What caused you to be especially happy?

3. Discover, if you can, the secrets of happiness in the life of the happiest person you know in your community. Perhaps you might ask this person what makes him, or her, so happy.

4. Plan to do something this week to bring cheer to some one who is unhappy or unfortunate. Perhaps the class might arrange to visit a hospital or Old Folks' Home to bring cheer to those who are especially in need of it. Perhaps you would like to plan "Good Cheer Boxes" for them. If so, begin to save verses and quotations giving secrets of happiness to put in these boxes.

5. Would you like to try out Mrs. Palmer's rules for happiness for one week? If so, fill in the following chart for your daily record:

	Memory Passage Learned	Something Beautiful Observed	A Helpful Deed
Monday			
Tuesday			
Wednesday			
Thursday			
Friday			
Saturday			
Sunday			

LESSON XIV

SOURCES OF JOY IN THE LIFE OF JESUS

Jesus is the supreme Example of one who learned the art of joyful, triumphant living. Though he lived in poverty, with no home of his own; though he was persecuted by his enemies and deserted by many of his friends; though he suffered much, Jesus continued to bring good cheer to others, for in his own life he had discovered the spring of lasting joy.

On the night before his death, Jesus gathered his little group of comrades around him and comforted them with cheering words such as these: "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be made full," John 15:11. He told them also that no one could take away his joy.

What were the sources of Jesus' joy? What were some of the secrets of his happiness?

We feel sure that he must have enjoyed nature, for he often spoke of the lilies of the field, of the birds of the air, of seedtime and harvest, and of the sky at sunset. All of these spoke to him of his Father's love and care and wisdom. When he wished to be alone he loved to go out on the mountain side; there he would often spend a night in prayer to his Father, Luke 6:12.

But Jesus also enjoyed people, for he liked to have the little group of fishermen friends with him most of the time. Among this group there were three whom he drew into a more intimate friendship. On the night before his death he told these friends of his a little of what their friendship had meant to him and what it might mean to them also, John 15:13-15.

Jesus' life work was never drudgery to him. He threw

himself into it whole-heartedly. It was a source of great joy to him, for he knew he was doing his Father's will. One day Jesus, after a long, hot, dusty journey, was sitting by a well resting while his companions went into a neighboring village to find food for him. While they were gone he had an opportunity to help a poor, outcast Samaritan woman to know God better and to live a better life. He talked with her, forgetting hunger and weariness in the joy of doing his Father's work. John 4:1-38.

Jesus found joy in bringing health, happiness, and peace to many. In Jesus' message to the people of his home town, Nazareth, Luke 4:18, 19, he told them that he was going to spend his life in helping others. Would this secret help Archie, Genevieve, Irene, and the others with their problems of unhappiness? In what way?

Jesus found joy in being obedient to his heavenly Father and in pleasing him every day. A guilty conscience or conflicting purposes will often make one miserable. But Jesus' life was free from these. Would this secret of Jesus' joy and satisfaction help Bert in his problem of unhappiness? How?

The most important secret of all was Jesus' deep trust and faith in his heavenly Father's love and care, which kept him joyful in the midst of hardship and suffering.

Not only was Jesus' life full of joy. His followers lived joyous lives, also. Read Acts 2:46, 47 for a description of these happy people. In the midst of hardship and persecution they sang glad songs of praise.

Can we imagine a long procession of those who have been followers of Jesus all through the ages? Do you think that most of these would be gloomy people, or would they be glad because they had discovered from Jesus the true secret of happiness?

The following is a hymn of joy which one follower of Jesus has written. We sing it especially at the happy Christmas season when we think of the joy which Christ's coming has

brought to the world; but the hymn has real meaning for us the whole year round:

[5] "Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

"Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

. . . . . .

"He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love,
And wonders of his love,
And wonders, wonders of his love."

If we give the pioneer Joy Giver, Jesus, a place in our lives he will guide us along the trail to real happiness, discovering to us some of the secrets of lasting happiness.

Our Part

1. Name five things which you think must have brought joy to Jesus. Which of these are things we also may enjoy?

2. What were three secrets of happiness Paul discovered? Read Phil. 4:6, 8, 11.

3. Read the story, "The Bag of Smiles," by Raymond McDonald Alden, in his collection of stories, "Why the Chimes Rang, and Other Stories."[6] What secret of happiness did Hilary discover?

4. Complete your preparations for bringing cheer and happiness to some lonely or sad persons. These may be invalids who are shut in all day. If you have decided to make Good Cheer Boxes some of you will need to copy from books and magazines the different sunshine poems,

[5] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 77.

[6] Bobbs-Merrill, 1924.

good cheer quotations, funny stories, and secrets of happiness you have been gathering. These may be written on note paper tinted in different colors, making a "Rainbow Box." Other articles from newspapers, or funny pictures, may be cut out and pasted upon the paper. Perhaps you have a simple puzzle or game you would like to contribute also to make time pass more quickly for some invalid. Each of these should be placed in a separate envelope with the date on which it is to be opened and enjoyed. These may be called "Sunshine Powders." You may play you are a doctor and prescribe one of these each day for your patient.

Be sure to include any verses from the Bible which you think might bring comfort and good cheer to lonely or discouraged people, or stanzas from the hymnal which you think contain secrets of happiness. Make sure that the verses, stories, pictures, and games you have chosen are appropriate for the one to whom they are to be given. When you have finished your work and the boxes are filled, tie them with dainty ribbon and put the words "Sunshine Box" on the cover. Plan a time when you will take them to your patients.

Perhaps on a Sunday afternoon your class might meet and together visit the homes of your invalid friends. At that time you might have one of your number tell an interesting story and you might sing together such songs of joy as:

[7] "Joy to the World! The Lord Is Come," Hymn 77.

"For the Beauty of the Earth," Hymn 55.

"The Ships Glide in at the Harbor's Mouth," Hymn 58.

Be prepared also to sing any favorite song your shut-in friend may suggest. This may prove another way of bringing happiness.

5. What secrets of happiness have you discovered since you have been studying these lessons?

[7] From "The Church School Hymnal for Youth."

RULING OVER OUR KINGDOMS

LESSON XV

LIGHTNING FLASHES

Doris stayed up late one night studying for a French exam she was to take the following day. She arose the next morning feeling very nervous, with only thirty minutes in which to dress, eat, and reach school on time. Searching frantically for clean clothes, she found only one clean middy and no tie for that. She discovered a run in the only clean pair of silk hose she had. She lost several minutes in a wild search for more stockings. In putting on her shoe she tore the button off. Then she tried another pair and broke the shoe lace while putting them on. By this time she was crying hysterically. Then her grandmother entered the room and said, "Keep calm, dearie." This wrecked all the self-control she had left. She rushed from the room in an angry tantrum.

Did getting angry help Doris to get to school on time? Was it a good preparation for writing an examination? Why or why not? How might Doris have probably saved herself this disagreeable experience? What secrets of control might she have discovered from this experience which would help her in meeting similar problems in the future?

One night Gladys was trying to get her arithmetic lesson but could not understand it. She went to her mother for help and her mother explained the method to her. Gladys, however, did not think her mother was right about it. Her father told her the same way but she couldn't understand one step in the process. Then she cried and stamped her feet. Her father told her to stop but she told him she wouldn't. She tore up her arithmetic paper and threw it away. The next day she failed in her arithmetic lesson. But she found out

that the way her father had explained the problem was right after all.

Did getting angry and impatient help or hinder Gladys in understanding and working her problem? What would you have done if you had been in Gladys' place?

May lost her patience when she tried to learn a simple piece of music on the piano. She couldn't get the fingering just right.

Don was fixing his bicycle and couldn't put the brake together again. He lost his temper and started throwing the parts around.

Lorene often finds it difficult to hold her temper when sewing on the sewing machine. The needle keeps coming unthreaded and she finds it difficult to thread it each time.

Were these boys and girls better able to concentrate their energy on the task to be accomplished because they got angry? Or, through their display of anger, did they waste energy which might have been put to a better use?

Dorothy's little sister had accidentally broken Dorothy's pretty china powder box, which she prized very much because it was a birthday gift. When Dorothy discovered that it was broken she became furiously angry. But her anger did not make her sister feel sorry or apologetic. Her sister's favorite doll was lying on the bureau in their room. Dorothy, in her fit of anger, threw the doll from the window to the sidewalk below with all the force she could. It broke into a hundred pieces. She was very much ashamed afterwards for she realized how dear the doll had been to her little sister. She bought her sister a new doll but her little sister did not feel quite the same toward her as she had before. What was the greatest harm done by this flash of anger?

One day Mary wanted to go with a group of girls to a show. Her mother refused to let her go since it was on a school night. Mary became very angry, stamped her feet, and talked back to her mother, saying many unkind and impertinent things. Afterwards she was sorry for what she had said

and done to hurt her mother's feelings. On Mother's Day she tried to make up for it by sending her mother a big box of candy. Did the box of candy make up for the harm done?

Jim got angry with a friend of his when some of the boys began swinging ropes at him. He lost his temper and got into a fight which almost ended seriously for him and for the other fellow. He almost lost the friendship of the other boys who were present. When angry he didn't care how much he hurt the other boy. He realized after it was all over that if he didn't learn how to control that violent temper of his he would be apt to get into even more serious trouble as he grew older. What are some of the worst dangers of such uncontrolled tempers?

Abraham Lincoln, when he was a young man, visited New Orleans and there witnessed for the first time in his life a slave girl being sold on the auction block to the highest bidder. He was stirred to anger. "If I ever get a chance to hit the slave trade, I'll hit it hard," he said to himself. He lived to carry out his threat.

Jesus went into the Temple one day and saw men buying, selling, and bargaining in the place of worship. Annas, the high priest, was permitting this because he was getting rich out of the business. Jesus was stirred to anger. With a whip made out of cords, he drove the unscrupulous traders from his Father's house, upsetting the tables of the money changers, Mark 11:15-18.

Our Part

1. Give a report in class from your own reading, observation, or personal experience, of an occasion when an uncontrolled temper became a dangerous weapon in the hands of some one.

2. Read Ex. 2:11-15 for the story of a man who did not control his anger. What was the result? What made him angry? Did this outburst of anger really help his oppressed people or did it work harm for their cause?

3. How may a boy or girl keep control of his or her temper when:

a. A girl's chum finds a new friend and walks off with her, snubbing her old friend?
b. An older brother is constantly teasing or nagging?
c. A sister tries to get out of her share of the housework, such as washing dishes, cleaning up the room, making beds?
d. Some one cheats in the game?
e. Parents make unreasonable demands or prohibitions?
f. A boy or girl is scolded unjustly by the teacher?
g. A girl's mother insists that she wear some dress or article of clothing which isn't in style or is different from the kind the rest of the crowd are wearing?

4. Which of the following ways do you think would help you most in controlling your temper in a provoking situation:

a. Avoiding possible occasions of anger? ( )
b. Gritting your teeth, saying nothing until you have counted ten to yourself? ( )
c. Punishing yourself in some way every time you lose your temper? ( )
d. Trying to think of something pleasant instead? ( )
e. Repeating some verse from the Bible, such as Proverbs 16:32? ( )
f. Praying to God for help each day? ( )
g. Keeping a record for one week of the occasions on which you got angry? Perhaps you will discover as you look them over afterwards how absurd some of them really were. ( )
h. Trying to keep from getting too tired; keeping physically fit? ( )
I.
j.

5. What difference was there between the anger of Jesus in the Temple and the anger of the boys and girls described in this chapter? Was Abraham Lincoln's anger right or wrong? Why? Is it ever Christian to be angry? If so, under what circumstances? When is it wrong to be angry?

LESSON XVI

"OUR FOOLISH WAYS"

The trouble had started on the way to camp that morning. Virginia had brought Marguerite along as a guest. All the girls had glanced admiringly at the trim hiking suit and the pleasant face of the stranger who had so recently moved to their town from the city. The girls had greeted the new girl pleasantly—all but Hortense, who had expected to have the exclusive company of Virginia, her chum, on the long hike before them. But this morning Virginia hiked along chatting gaily with Marguerite, laughing at her jokes, and exchanging confidences with her. So absorbed was she in her new acquaintance that she almost forgot about Hortense, who was sulking along with some of the other girls.

When the evening meal was over Hortense and Virginia were assigned the task of washing and drying the dishes, but quickly Marguerite spoke up. "Let me help, too," she said. "I don't want to be treated as a guest."

Neither girl noticed the angry look on Hortense' face. She stepped out on the porch for a moment to gain control of herself. As she entered the door again she saw Virginia and Marguerite laughing and whispering together about something. They stopped suddenly as she came inside the door. This was more than Hortense could endure. Her jealous temper was no longer under her control. "You stuck-up thing from the city," she screamed out, "you think you're smart, don't you, taking my chum away from me?" Then she rushed upstairs, flinging herself across the bed in a tantrum of tears and hysterics.

It was a sober group of girls who gathered around the fire-

place in the lodge that evening. Hortense' jealous anger had marred for them all the day which had begun so pleasantly.

"We mustn't blame Hortense too much, I suppose," said Alice thoughtfully. "I know when I get angry I am hardly responsible for what I say or do."

"I wish I knew what to do with my temper," said Julia. "When my brother teases me I get so mad at him I want to slap his face and pull his hair. But the madder I get the more fun he seems to have out of it."

Just then Mrs. Lee, their housemother, entered the room. The girls paused in their confessions. Elizabeth jumped up to draw the big easy-chair closer to the fire for her and all the girls gathered around her.

"Mrs. Lee, when you were our age, did you ever get provoked at things and at people?" questioned Julia earnestly.

Mrs. Lee smiled and nodded.

"But what helped you to control your temper? Surely, you must have found some secret, for now when we girls annoy you, you are always so patient with us. What secret did you find?"

Mrs. Lee thought a moment. Then she answered, "Girls, before I tell you, I should like to ask you a conundrum."

The girls leaned forward to listen.

"Why are some girls' tempers like lightning and others, like electricity?" she asked.

"Some flash out without much warning," quickly answered Virginia.

"And they usually do some damage, too, like lightning," added Elizabeth. "To-day on our hike I saw a beautiful tree which had been struck down by lightning. I thought then what a pity it was that it should have been destroyed like that. But I guess an angry tongue might do as much damage to friends and home folks."

"But think what wonderful things are accomplished when lightning is harnessed and becomes electricity," added Marguerite thoughtfully. "What should we do in the world with-

out it? We press a button and it comes to serve us with a flood of light."

"And it usually works so quietly, too, without any fuss, serving us in so many ways. I'm glad Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Edison have helped the world to discover how lightning may be controlled," said Mary.

"There is One who can help us to discover how we may control these tempers of ours so that they may become a power for good in the world and not a means of injury to those around us," added Mrs. Lee gently.

"Perhaps that is what the wise man was thinking about when he gave us the proverb,

" 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
And he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city,' " said Virginia.

"Let's find that in our Bibles," said Mrs. Lee, as she turned to Prov. 16:32 so that the girls might read it together.

"I like to think of our minds and spirits as kingdoms over which we are to reign as queens," added Mrs. Lee earnestly. It is the way we rule over these inner spirits of ours that proves our right to become leaders of others."

"When I find myself becoming irritated and angry I like to hum the music and think of the words of a hymn I long ago learned to love. It was written by the Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. As you know, his religion was very quiet and simple. In it there was much quiet listening for the "still, small voice" of God. This is the prayer hymn he wrote:

[1] "Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

"In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,

[1] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 236.

The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow thee.

"O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!

"Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

"Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm."

There was quiet for a moment or two after Mrs. Lee had repeated the words of this beautiful prayer hymn to the girls. Then she led them with her deep contralto voice as they sang the hymn together.

"It is time to turn in now," said Mrs. Lee, "but first let us have our evening Bible-reading and prayers together." That evening they turned to Isa. 53:1-7 first and the girls found themselves reading the description of the suffering of God's servant and his patience through it all. Then they turned to I Peter 2:20-24 for Peter's picture of the quietness and patience of Jesus in the midst of suffering and persecution.

"Perhaps Jesus may have learned the secret of self-control up in the hills alone when he talked with the Father," said Julia thoughtfully. "Let's ask him to help us, too."

This was their prayer that evening:

"Our loving heavenly Father, you are always so patient with us; show us those secrets of calm in the midst of provoking circumstances

which will help to make us strong leaders of men and women in the future. Help us that we may see in Jesus, the Leader of our Quest, one who found rest and power and calm through quiet talking with you. Forgive us for the impatience and anger we have shown toward our own loved ones, and help us to be more patient and thoughtful in our home life. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Our Part

1. Why might outbursts of anger be called "foolish ways"?

2. Read Chapter VIII in "Little Women,"[2] by Louisa Alcott; or Lesson V ("Moc's Coals of Fire") in "The Rules of the Game,"[3] by Floyd W. Lambertson. These are stories of a boy and a girl who had problems in self-control. In what way was Jo's temper like lightning? In what way was Moc's temper like electricity? What provoking situation did each face?

3. What secrets of Jesus' self-control do you discover in the prayer hymn quoted in this lesson?

4. Read I Kings 19:1-18 for the experience of the Prophet Elijah referred to in the last stanza of this hymn. What discovery did he make?

5. Find out all you can about the life of the poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. At what great social wrong was he especially indignant? What did he do to fight this wrong?

6. Memorize the stanza of this hymn which appeals to you most. You might use this as a prayer when you are tempted to be impatient.

7. Fill in the blanks here:

A CONTROLLED TEMPER		AN UNCONTROLLED TEMPER
is like		is like
ELECTRICITY		LIGHTNING
because		because
a.		a.
b.		b.
c.		c.

8. What secrets of self-control have you discovered?

a.

[2] Crowell.

[3] Abingdon Press, 1920.

b.

c.

9. In the provoking situations which you have faced this week, has your temper been like lightning or like electricity? Have you been a ruler in your inner kingdom? Keep a record of your victories and defeats.

PLAYING FAIR

LEARNING TO PLAY FAIR

LESSON XVII

PLAYING THE GAME

"Be a good sport!"

"Don't be a sore loser!"

"Play ball, I tell you, play ball!"

Words such as these came floating up to Miss Graham, the Week Day Church School teacher, as she stood by the open window overlooking the playground and athletic field. Soon the bell rang, and the seventh grade entered the room for the class in religious education, discussing vigorously the prospects for the baseball season.

"Which game do you enjoy playing most of all?" asked Miss Graham informally as the members of the class took their seats.

"Baseball," "basketball," "football," "tennis," "hockey," "volley ball," were some of the answers she could distinguish in the medley of replies.

"Baseball is lots of fun," added Carl, "until some fellow gets into the game who won't keep the rules."

"Or thinks he must have everything his own way if he's going to play," spoke up Grant.

"When we play baseball," said Mary, "there's one girl who never will give up the bat when she's struck out. She thinks we ought to give her one more chance. It isn't any fun to play that way."

"We have a captain on our team," said Ruth, "who has a grudge against me. She always puts me out in the field instead of on base. That makes me sore, I can tell you."

"It certainly is disgusting," put in Fred, "when the umpire doesn't know his business or favors one side more than the other."

"And some fellows are always wanting to cheat when the referee isn't looking," added Frank. "Or they're sore losers, getting mad when beaten."

Miss Graham had been listening intently. When there was a pause for a moment she said, "But these are all things the other fellow does to spoil the game. Do *you* always find it easy to be a good sport yourself? Under what circumstances do *you* find it most difficult to practice the rules of good sportsmanship?"

There was an embarrassing silence for a moment. Then Carl spoke out reluctantly, "Well, I suppose I find it hardest to keep my temper when the other fellows won't mind the rules."

"I found it hard," admitted Ruth, "not to try to get even with that captain who was always putting me out in the field when I had the chance to do the same by her."

"Sometimes it's easy to run with the ball when the referee isn't watching," said Grant, their star forward on the school basketball team.

"I had a problem the other day," spoke out Louise. "It was in our tournament race. I was ahead when the girl just behind me deliberately tripped me up and won the race. I didn't know whether to tell the instructor or not."

"It isn't the simplest thing in the world to be a good all-round sport on the athletic field," admitted Frank, "and in the schoolroom it is sometimes even more difficult to play square with everybody."

"I should think it would be worth while to try at least," answered Miss Graham earnestly, "for the way we play our games and do our school work will help to determine what sort of sportsmen we shall become in playing the biggest, most interesting game of all, the game of life itself."

Then she continued: "In the days of Paul the apostle the Olympic games were very popular. Many athletic young men longed to participate in them. But the preliminary training necessary to qualify for entrance was prolonged through

many months and was very severe. It required strict self-control and temperate living. The races were the most popular of all the games. These took place in the Olympic stadium. On two sides were tiers of seats for the spectators or witnesses. Opposite the starting point was the goal where the judges sat, holding in their hands the prizes. Often the prize was a crown of olives. The eyes of the competitors were all fixed on the judge and on this prize, as they ran the race.

"Paul, as a young man, may often have watched these games and been thrilled by them. But from the time he heard the call of Christ on the Damascus road a more thrilling game than any of those ever played in the Olympic stadium absorbed his interest and energies. This was the game of Christian living—the Quest we, too, are following. To him it was a race to be run and a goal to be reached. You may find some of the rules for this game which he gave to his friends and helpers in the Early Christian Church by looking up I Cor. 9:24-27; Phil. 3:13, 14; II Tim. 2:5; Heb. 12:1, 2.

"If you will also read II Tim. 4:7, 8 you will discover what Paul had to say about this game of life when he was a very old man and near the goal. I think you will agree that he was a good sportsman.

"It became a source of great inspiration to the early Christians to remember all the brave, godly men and women of the past who had run this race before them and reached their goal. We catch a glimpse of some of these heroes of the faith in Heb., ch. 11. In Heb. 12:1, 2 they are pictured as an 'invisible gallery.' We might say that they are on the bleachers, cheering forward each one who runs the Christian race to-day. Best of all Jesus has run this race also. We can look to him for cheer and encouragement when we grow tired along the way and are tempted to quit the race before reaching the goal."

The class chose the following hymn for their closing song that day:

[1] "Fight the good fight with all thy might;
Christ is thy Strength, and Christ thy Right:
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

"Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the Path, and Christ the Prize."

This was their closing prayer, before they went back to their home room and playground:

"Dear Father, help us to run the race of life according to the rules of good sportsmanship. Help us to play fair with each other and with you every day in school and on the athletic field. For the sake of our great Captain, Amen."

Our Part

1. Make a report to the class about the best example of good sportsmanship you have ever seen.

2. Make a list of five good sportsmanship rules which you would like to see practiced by your team: in football; in baseball; in basketball; in any other game you most enjoy.

3. Discuss the following problems involving good sportsmanship, or fair play, in the classroom:

a. Can one be a good sport and not be willing to let his neighbor copy from his paper when he needs help in a test?

b. Is it good sportsmanship to report to the teacher a higher grade than the one actually made, when all the others in the class are doing it?

c. Is it good all-round sportsmanship to agree to mark a friend's problems right when they are wrong if only he will do the same for you?

d. Is it good sportsmanship to fool a boy or girl who is trying to copy from your paper, by putting down wrong answers purposely at first and then slyly changing them for the right ones when this classmate is not looking? You wish to teach him a lesson so that he will not copy any more.

e. Marion has taken Helen's paper the night before she is to hand it in and, in looking it over, discovers that Helen has one problem wrong. She corrects it for her without Helen's knowing she has done it. The next day Helen receives 100 per cent on her paper but discovers that Marion has changed this one problem for her. She knows

[1] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 212.

she does not deserve 100 per cent on this paper. What should she do about it? Should she go to the teacher and explain when she knows that this will involve her friend? Should she say nothing to the teacher about it? What would be the most sportsmanlike thing to do in this case?

4. Make a list of good sportsmanship rules for your class to follow. Let some one in your class who can print well copy these so that they may be framed and hung in your classroom. Be sure that all the class agree on the rules to be included in the list.

5. Express in your own words, in the language of the playground and athletic field to-day, three of the rules of life which Paul gave.

6. Select and memorize any two stanzas of the following hymn, to be used for a class prayer:

[2] "O Son of Man, thou madest known,
Through quiet work in shop and home,
The sacredness of common things,
The chance of life that each day brings.

"O Workman true, may we fulfill
In daily life, thy Father's will;
In duty's call, thy call we hear
To fuller life, through work sincere.

"Thou Master Workman, grant us grace
The challenge of our tasks to face;
By loyal scorn of second best,
By efforts true, to meet each test.

"And thus we pray in deed and word,
Thy Kingdom come on earth, O Lord;
In work that gives effect to prayer
Thy purpose for thy world we share."

—*Milton S. Littlefield.*

[2] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 207.

LESSON XVIII

"SINE CERA"

Russell and Ben were discussing one of the other boys as they walked over to their class in religious education one day.

"Oh, he'll get through all right," said Russell. "He'll slide or bluff through. You can depend upon him for that."

"Well, I suppose we all have more or less of that to do to get through life comfortably," was Ben's answer. "It always takes a little bluffing and a little fibbing to make things go smoothly and to get what one wants in this world. Everybody does it more or less."

Hardly were they seated in class when Russell broke out with this question: "You do have to bluff a little bit, once in a while, don't you, Miss Graham, if you're going to get along all right with folks and be a success?"

Miss Graham thought a moment before she answered. Then she said quietly, "Jesus lived a successful life, didn't he, Russell?"

"Why, of course he did," was the quick reply.

"Do you find him bluffing occasionally in order to get along with folks?" asked Miss Graham.

"Of course not," replied Russell, "but then he was different from us."

"Yes," replied Miss Graham, "different from us in that he was braver than most of us. For he dared to speak and live the truth always."

"But it isn't always easy to know what is right to do," said Josephine. "Suppose you are at a party and you haven't really enjoyed yourself very much. Shouldn't you tell the hostess you had a good time? It wouldn't do to be discourteous and to hurt her feelings, would it?"

"Suppose your chum is in trouble," said Carl. "Wouldn't it be all right to fib a little to get him out of a scrape or to save him from punishment?"

"Suppose you were planning a surprise party for your mother and she suspected it. Wouldn't it be all right to tell a little 'white lie' just to throw her off the track?" asked Joyce.

"And then sometimes a person enjoys telling a big story just to tease some one," said Fred. "There isn't any harm in that, is there?"

"I had a real problem the other day," said Louise. "I wanted to enroll in the class in religious eduation, but mother wouldn't give me permission because she thought I wasn't doing well enough in my other school subjects. I didn't know what to do about it, so I had my older sister sign the card for me. It was all right to do that for such a good cause, wasn't it?"

"I wanted to tell a fib yesterday all right," confessed Helen. "In cooking class every girl is supposed to have her own cooking apron. I forgot mine and borrowed one from another girl. I wanted to answer 'prepared' instead of only 'present' but I didn't do it."

"Vera and I were in a fix the other night," admitted Grace. "We went to a movie and were told not to get home too late. We were so interested in the picture that we thought we would stay to see it over again. It was later than usual when we reached home; so we made up a lie to tell the folks so that we should not be punished. Later in the evening the folks found out all about it and they punished us by depriving us of the privilege of going to the movies for a whole month."

The class looked at Miss Graham, challengingly, waiting for her answers to their many questions. She stepped to the blackboard and wrote on it two Latin words, *sine cera*. Then she said:

"There is a word in our English language which has an interesting old tradition connected with it. We use it frequently

in closing our letters when we write, "Sincerely yours." One story of the way this word has come down to us—though modern etymologists do not accept it—says that a certain furniture maker once gained a splendid reputation for his thorough and skillful workmanship. He always used the best wood obtainable and took pride in finishing his work carefully. Soon other workmen tried to copy his patterns, but they used poor materials, attempting to cover the cracks and blemishes with wax which they rubbed in and smoothed over the surface. Several customers may have been fooled by this trick, for soon they were demanding furniture *sine cera,* meaning 'without wax.' These words became the trade-mark on all the pieces of furniture this honest workman sent out of the shop as a guarantee of good material and conscientious workmanship. In time many began to speak of *sine cera* people, people who did not need soft, misleading words and acts, like wax, to cover up what they really were."

"I don't suppose Jesus needed to keep a supply of wax on hand to cover up poor workmanship in the Nazareth workshop," said Ben thoughtfully.

"No, indeed," answered Miss Graham quickly. "Nor did he ever have to lie in order to get along with folks and promote the cause of the Kingdom. Many a time he might have compromised with evil and saved himself from hostile attacks of his enemies but at such times his friends and his enemies saw him fearlessly truthful in his words and deeds. Jesus was indeed the Prince of Truth, who fought against falsehood and for the truth always. Those who are his true followers in the Quest must share his sincerity in their daily living."

This was the prayer hymn the class sang that day:

[3] "O Jesus, Prince of life and truth,
Beneath thy banner bright,
We dedicate our strength and youth
To battle for the right;
We give our lives with glad intent

[3] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 224.

To serve the world and thee,
To die, to suffer and be spent,
To set our brothers free.

. . . . . .

"O Jesus once a Nazareth boy,
And tempted like as we,
All inward foes help us destroy,
And spotless all to be.
We trust thee for the grace to win
The high, victorious goal,
Where purity shall conquer sin
In Christlike self-control."

Our Part

1. Think of three situations in which you find it most difficult to be truthful in your daily living. Do you think you might be justified in telling a lie in any one of these situations? Why, or why not?

2. Jesus once said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," John 8:32. In what way or ways does telling a falsehood make a slave of the one who tells it? In what way does telling the truth help to make one free?

3. Who, according to the Psalmist, had a right to worship in the holy Temple? Ps. 24:3, 4.

4. When a poor, sinful, Samaritan woman one day asked Jesus a question about the correct place to worship, Jesus answered with these words: "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth," John 4:24. What are three ways in which people sometimes worship insincerely? Give three practical suggestions for making our worship in the classroom more sincere and truthful.

LESSON XIX

"DARE TO BE TRUE"

THE next time the class met, Miss Graham asked the members to turn to Matt. 5:34, 37 in their Bibles. Before they began reading she said: "These words of Jesus suggest a discovery which he may have made during his boyhood of a better and more simple way of living. No doubt, he became accustomed early in his boyhood days in Nazareth to the neighborhood gossiping around the village well. He learned how easy it was for some woman to begin a wonderful tale and then keep adding to it until the kernel of truth with which it started was buried in the big story which made all the rest of the village women open their eyes and mouths wide in astonishment.

"In the market place also, where each man was vying with another to make the most profitable trade, it seemed so easy for a man to represent his wares as better than they really were. To impress the buyer with his apparent sincerity he would often use oaths to enforce his simple statements. One buyer would say, "I swear by the Temple"; another, "I swear by Jerusalem"; and so they would heap their oaths higher and higher in their efforts to make good bargains and to sell their goods.

"Jesus, as a boy, must have thought how much simpler and happier life would be if every man's simple, 'Yea, yea' or 'Nay, nay' were so honestly given that no oaths were needed to reënforce these simple words because back of them was the truthfulness of the speaker. His word was sufficient."

After they had read the two verses, Max remarked, "It *would* be a comfortable feeling to know that a fellow could

always trust another's word to be absolutely true and dependable, without his having to use oaths or written contracts of any sort. That's the sort of man I'd like to be—the kind whose word is as good as gold."

"I read a story the other day about that kind of fellow," said Frank. "May I tell it to the class?"

This is the story Frank told:

[4] The Second Bounce

"Peter del Rio and Ellwood Brent had been chosen for the tennis tournament to represent the Maple Hill school in the contest with the Boys' Prep. Both boys were in fine trim, and played well together, but Peter knew that there had been dissatisfaction in the Maple Hill High School when he had been selected. Peter's father and mother had been Portuguese subjects, dwelling on an island in some far-off sea, and their skin was very brown. Nevertheless it was clearly understood that Peter could play tennis, and, since it was tennis that counted rather than complexion, Peter had been chosen.

"The Saturday afternoon on which the match was to take place was glorious and all Maple Hill was out, it seemed. Peter spied Mr. Earle in the crowd and his heart grew warm within him. Mr. Earle was the leader of the Boys' Club at the church, and Peter del Rio, vice president of the club, looked to him as his best friend. Mr. Earle was counting on him to make good in the game to-day. Indeed Mr. Earle always counted on his boys to make good, and it would be a pretty yellow sort of chap, thought Peter, who would disappoint Mr. Earle.

"Then the game began. The two players from the Boys' Prep proved also to be in fine trim, and from the start the match was close. When Maple Hill had won six games and the Boys' Prep five, there was great excitement over which side was going to win the next set. Ellwood was serving. 'If we get this game, we'll have the set,' thought Peter, as he took his position near the net. But the game was deuce and for a long time neither side could get the two consecutive points necessary to win the game.

"Then Ellwood served a good ball straight into the opponents' court; the boy returned it, aiming high over Peter's head. The ball fell just inside the line, bounced, was falling again. But Peter's long brown legs had a way of getting over the court at a lively rate. He thought

[4] From "Rules of Life for Boys and Girls," by Marion Colman. Revell, 1926. Used by permission.

he could reach the ball before it bounced again. A frantic sprint and Peter's racket hit the ball a resounding whack and sent it flying back across the net, greatly to the dismay of the Boys' Prep. They had not expected it and were unprepared. 'Game and set,' called the referee, and all Maple Hill was in a wild uproar.

"Peter, however, was not happy. It was evident that no one had seen anything wrong with that last frantic play of his, but Peter knew that he had caught the ball on its second bounce—oh, just a hair's breadth, to be sure, but, as it was, a play that was not fair and should not count. What should he do? All the school would hate him if he lost the game. During the intermission the instructor and a number of the fellows crowded around cheering for him. Mr. Earle came down. 'Pretty playing, old man; proud of you,' he called. Mr. Earle had not seen it!

"At last Peter could stand it no longer. He walked stiffly over to the referee. 'I guess you didn't notice I fudged on that last game,' he said.

" 'Fudged? What do you mean, boy?' the referee questioned.

" 'I got that ball on the second bounce,' said Peter clearly.

"Disgusted comments were heard from the Maple Hill lines. 'What ails that darky?' 'Shut him up!' 'Send him home!' These and other taunts fell dully on Peter's ears.

" 'A mistake in the decision,' called the referee. 'The score is deuce again.'

"The players from Boys' Prep took their places. Ellwood came unwillingly to the court, and in the first serve slammed two balls into the net. 'Advantage out,' said the referee. Maple Hill had lost its grip. Another point lost and the game had gone to Boys' Prep. Two more games gone and Boys' Prep had won the set. Now it was the crowd that favored Boys' Prep that was cheering wildly while Maple Hill maintained a glum silence.

"Peter dreaded the intermission. If only he could crawl off somewhere out of sight! But there was no place to crawl to.

"At last the intermission was over and the new set begun. Then it was that the opposing players began to show unmistakable signs of getting tired. Peter and Ellwood won the next four games without a break, and in a short time had won a set. The match was now even. The third set would determine the championship. There was great excitement. Maple Hill seemed to be gaining confidence again.

"Everything depended upon this third set, and as the four boys took their places there was a look of determination on each face. And how they played! The score in games was one to two, then two to two, two to three, three to three. At last it stood precisely where it stood

before at the critical time: six to five in favor of Maple Hill, Ellwood serving. It was a deuce game again, too. Ellwood sent a swift ball into the court and it was returned, but Peter dropped it lightly over the net where it bounced a few inches and rolled away. 'Advantage in,' called the referee. Just one more point! Peter bit his lip. He must not think how much he wanted to win this one point! Perhaps it was wanting it so badly the other time. Ellwood's serve was good. The boy on the other side tried the same trick that had worked before—sending the ball high over Peter's head. He ran for it but he did not strike. 'It's going out,' he thought, and the ball fell a scant inch beyond the white line at the back of the court. But somehow in the running Peter and Ellwood had gone between the referee and the ball so that the referee had not seen it. 'What was that?' he asked.

"Some of the crowd said it was out and some said it was good; in fact, no one seemed really to have seen it. He turned to Ellwood, 'Was it out or was it good?' he asked sternly.

"'It was out,' said Ellwood.

"Then the referee turned to Peter. 'And what do you say?'

"Peter looked him steadily in the eye. 'It was out,' said Peter.

"'Game and set!' announced the referee and the match was won.

"Oh, how Maple Hill shouted and yelled, and what congratulations and pattings on the back! No one was more enthusiastic than Mr. Earle, who told the boys in glowing terms how fine the playing had been. When, after a while, Peter and Ellwood got a chance to speak to each other, it was Ellwood who spoke first. 'I'll say, old man, you were a peach,' he said warmly. 'I was sore at first when that came up about the second bounce, but now I'm mighty glad it happened.'

"'Why?' said Peter.

"'Why, don't you know? The referee didn't see this last ball.'

"'I know, but you saw it, didn't you?'

"'Yes,' said Ellwood, 'I saw it, but he didn't know that I was honest.'"

When Frank had finished Miss Graham said:

"Many years ago another Peter was faced with a problem in truthfulness, also. It was in the early morning after a night of bitter, strange experiences, when he was standing by the fire in a courtyard, cold and tired, surrounded by mocking soldiers and laughing maidservants. Fear—dark, haunting fear of ridicule, and perhaps of something worse—gripped him.

Three times, and the last time with an oath, this Peter denied that he had ever known his friend Jesus with whom he had been so intimately associated for three years. It was only when Jesus looked at him sorrowfully as he passed by, a prisoner, that Peter realized fully the shame of his cowardly lie. Then he went away and wept bitterly."

"Was Peter always that kind of coward?" asked Joyce, after they had read the story in Mark 14:66-72.

For answer, Miss Graham asked them all to turn to Acts 3:13-21. As they read, they pictured this same Peter standing in the midst of the rulers, boldly witnessing for the truth concerning the Christ he knew and loved.

"I'm glad Peter became a brave and truthful man at last," said Carl, when they were through reading. "I wonder what made him so different."

"I think it was being with Jesus, and loving him so much," was Ruth's quick reply.

Our Part

1. What made it especially difficult for Peter del Rio to tell the truth? What do you think may have inspired him to be truthful?
2. What made it difficult for Simon Peter to be truthful? What do you think was the secret of his change from a cowardly to a courageously truthful man?
3. Make a list of ways in which you think you can become more truthful in word and deed in your daily living.

Class Hymn

Strive for the right, for the Lord is with you;
Fight with sin bravely, fight and be strong;
Christ is your Captain, fear only what's wrong.

"Dare to be brave, dare to be true,
God is your Father, he watches o'er you;
He knows your trials; when your heart quails,
Call him to rescue, his grace never fails.

[5] "Dare to be brave, dare to be true,

[5] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 202.

"Dare to be brave, dare to be true,
God grant you courage to carry you through;
Try to help others, ever be kind,
Let all the erring a friend in you find.

Refrain: "Fight then, good soldiers, fight and be brave;
Christ is your Captain, mighty to save."

LESSON XX

MINE AND YOURS

Angry words came up through the window as Miss Graham sat at her desk planning her lesson for the class in religious education.

"It's mine!" called out one voice indignantly. "Give it to me, I say."

"It's not yours either. It's mine, I tell you. I found it. 'Finders keepers; losers weepers'—that's what I say," came the reply.

When the seventh grade class came in for the Week Day Church School lesson Miss Graham introduced the discussion by saying:

"There are two very short words in the English language which are always causing people trouble. In fact the confusion between these two words has caused most of the war, strife, and unhappiness in the world. Can you imagine what these two words might be?

After the class had puzzled over this for a moment or two she stepped to the board and wrote upon it the two words:

Mine Yours

Arthur next passed to each one in the class a blank sheet of paper. On these Miss Graham asked all to write:

Ways in Which People Acquire Property

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.

7.
8.
9.
10.

"What do you want us to do?" asked Ben.

"Lend me your knife for a moment or two, will you, Ben?" asked Miss Graham.

Ben reached down into his pocket and pulled out one of his most prized possessions. Miss Graham held it before the class, saying: "This is Ben's knife. At least, he carries it around in his pocket. What are some of the different ways Ben may have come into possession of this knife?"

"He may have bought it," was the first prompt reply.

"It may have been given to him for a Christmas present," suggested Joyce.

"He may have swapped something else for it," added Frank.

"He may have stolen it," remarked George with a grin.

"Then it wouldn't be his, would it?" challenged Dan.

"He may have found it on the playground," said Harold.

"There are still other ways in which Ben might have got this knife," continued Miss Graham. "You will probably think of some of them as you begin to write them down. Put down on your paper all the different ways of gaining possession of property you know. If any of them you consider are dishonest place a minus sign before them; if they are honest ways of acquiring property place a plus sign before them."

"But some of these might be either honest or dishonest," suggested Max. "For instance, if two fellows swapped knives and one fellow fooled the other in the trade, that wouldn't be square, would it?"

"You might place both a minus and a plus sign in that case," replied Miss Graham.

The class worked diligently for several minutes in making their lists. When they were through Frank remarked, "It isn't always easy to tell what is really mine and what belongs to some one else."

"That is true," replied Miss Graham. "Also, our ideas concerning honest ways of acquiring property are somewhat different from those in olden times. Then people followed the rule, 'Might makes right.' In those days a rich man was forced to guard his possessions with his sword. Men lived in strongly fortified castles that they might guard these possessions. Today many laws have been made to protect society from dishonest men and women. People also trust each other more than they did in the olden days. Because of this confidence in the integrity of others, great banking systems have been made possible and people may live in comparative security without the protection of thick castle walls and private armies and fortresses. But any dishonest act helps to break down the thick protecting wall of faith in each other which a Christian civilization has built up during the centuries because of the integrity of honest men and women who have respected the property rights of those around them. That is one reason why it is so important that we should be honest in our dealings with each other."

"What about getting by for half fare on the street car?" asked Ruth. "All the others do it."

"And sampling the candy for sale in the drug store?" asked Frank.

"And returning lost property, when it isn't very valuable?" questioned Joyce.

These and many other problems in honesty were considered during the next few sessions of their class in religious education.

Our Part

1. Discuss the following problems in honesty:

a. Barbara went into a store to get a Christmas card and a spool of thread. She gave the clerk twenty-five cents, but the saleswoman did not give her any change in return although she should have had five cents. "I thought I gave you your change," said the saleswoman. Barbara assured her that she had not, so the woman gave her another five cents. When Barbara reached home she found the five cents in the bag with the thread, where it had accidentally fallen. At first she thought

she wouldn't bother about returning it. Then she felt guilty; so the next day she stopped at the store and returned the money to the saleswoman, explaining what had happened. The woman thanked her and Barbara went out feeling that she had done the right thing. Was Barbara right in what she did or was she too particular about a trifle?

b. Roy's father never gives him a bit of spending money or allowance. He feels that he is very unjustly treated in money matters as all the boys he knows have spending money of their own. One day Roy's father went out of town to spend several days and Roy was allowed to occupy his father's room. As he was undressing one night his eye fell upon a half dollar and a quarter which had evidently slipped from his father's pocket. "Good," he said to himself, "now at last I'll have some spending money of my own." Then his conscience said, "But that is not your money." "No," he said to himself, "but then dad never gives me any money and he ought to for I do lots of things for him." Was it right for Roy to take this money?

c. One day Jane's father gave her a car ticket and ten cents besides the money for the show. When she got on the elevated at the station there were only two others besides herself getting on. They went into the other car. The car Jane was in was so crowded that at first she had to stand. The conductor did not even look into the car to see whether any passengers had got on. At first Jane was going to press through the crowd and give the conductor her fare. Then she happened to think that her father had said a few days before that if the conductor didn't attend to his business and take up the fares he could take the consequences. When Jane got off she saw the postman and walked along with him. She told him that the conductor had not taken up her fare. "Well, you are so much to the good," he replied. At first Jane had felt guilty about it. After this remark she felt she hadn't done anything so very wrong. Was Jane's father right? Or should the fare have been paid in spite of the conductor's negligence?

d. Virginia used to take her sister's handkerchiefs from her dresser drawer. The first time she took a very old handkerchief which she knew her sister didn't care about. Then she kept on borrowing. She had handkerchiefs of her own but found it more convenient to use her sister's. One day she wanted a blue handkerchief to match her dress so she borrowed her sister's blue silk one with lace around it. This was one of her sister's very best handkerchiefs. That afternoon at school when she was using ink she spattered some all over her sister's pretty blue handkerchief, which was lying on the corner of the desk. When her sister found out that her handkerchief was ruined she was very angry and called Virginia a thief. Is borrowing a handkerchief from a member of the family without permission a dishonest thing to do?

2. Some boys were standing on the playground before school opened. In each boy's pocket were certain personal possessions:

a. Ben had a knife which he had acquired by swapping off a watch. The watch was good-looking, even though it was cheap, but Ben knew that it wouldn't run all the time so he was willing to get rid of it.

b. George had in his pocket a neat leather bill fold which he had found on the street one day with four dollars in it.

c. Arthur had a handful of marbles he had won by playing "for keeps."

d. Joe had a fountain pen he had earned by selling papers.

e. Harry had a whistle he had whittled out of wood during his leisure moments.

f. Jack had some peanuts he had taken out of a basket in front of a grocery store. He said he had taken them to "sample" them.

g. Jim had a watch he had borrowed from his big brother while he was away.

h. Carl had a dollar bill his father had given him for mowing the lawn. His father had paid him but Carl had neglected to finish the task.

Which of the possessions of these boys were honestly acquired? Which were dishonestly acquired? Discuss in class those cases about which you are in doubt.

LESSON XXI

SOME PROBLEMS IN HONESTY

"We are not the only ones who have found it difficult to distinguish between what is our own and what belongs to another," said Miss Graham the next day when the class had assembled.

"In the early days of the Hebrew nation, when the Israelites were conquering their land, there was a man by the name of Achan who saw a wedge of gold and several beautiful foreign garments among the spoils of war. He wanted these for his very own, even though they were to be dedicated to Jehovah. He took them and hid them in the earth under his own tent where he thought no one could ever find them. He was finally discovered, however, and paid the extreme penalty, for all the people of Israel took him out and stoned him to death for his sin. You will find this story in Josh., ch. 7."

The class turned to this story in their Bibles and read it.

When they had finished they turned to another story of a dishonest servant, found in II Kings 5:20-27.

Who was the dishonest man? What dishonest thing did he do? What excuse do you think he made for his dishonesty? What did his master do about it? What was the result? These were some of the questions asked the members of the class when they were through reading the Bible passage.

"Weren't they rather severe in their punishment of dishonest folks in those early days?" inquired Max when they had discussed the story at some length. "There wouldn't be many people alive to-day if every dishonest man were punished by leprosy or death."

Miss Graham thought a moment before she answered his question. Then she said:

"During those days when Jesus lived on earth there were many dishonest men, also. Notorious among these were the tax collectors for the Roman Government. Many of these grew very wealthy by charging the poor people higher taxes than they should have. Of course, the Jewish people heartily despised these unprincipled men who were in the employ of the Government they hated so much.

"In Luke 19:1-10 we have the story of one of these hated tax collectors, or publicans. He must have heard a great deal about Jesus, the great Teacher and Healer, and was very curious to see him. When the rumor was spread abroad that Jesus was entering the city of Jerusalem this tax collector went out along the road to meet him. Because he was so short of stature and the crowd was so dense, this man climbed a sycamore tree in order that he might catch a glimpse of Jesus as he passed by. When Jesus came near along the road he saw Zacchæus and was attracted to him. Perhaps he realized how much this man needed his help in his daily living. Perhaps he thought that Zacchæus might make a good comrade in the Quest. At any rate Jesus invited himself to this tax collector's house for dinner that day. You can imagine what an occasion this must have been in the life of Zacchæus, for nice people did not usually associate with such as he. From that moment he longed to become Jesus' friend. But he knew that he could not associate with Jesus or be his friend if he continued cheating people. So he told Jesus that he would restore four times over all the money he had taken dishonestly from the poor and would give half his wealth to help the needy.

"Achan was stoned to death for his dishonesty. Gehazi was smitten by a terrible disease. But Zacchæus repented of his sin and found new life through his association with Jesus Christ and his love for him. He became a different man, an honest follower of the Quest."

"I'm glad I am living now instead of in those early days

when people didn't know Jesus and have him to help them to be honest," remarked Carl soberly.

This was the class prayer that morning:

"Help us, dear Father, to be honest every day in even the smallest things, that we may know we are honest followers of Jesus. Amen."

Our Part

1. Find in the library the book entitled "Glengarry Schooldays," by Ralph Connor. Read the two chapters called, "Foxy" and "Hughie's Emancipation" for the story of a boy who had a difficult problem in honesty to solve. What dishonest things did he do? In what ways was he punished? In what way was he helped to decide to make things right again? How did he finally make his way out of the tangle?

2. A wicked king once wanted to own the land of one of his subjects. Why did he want this property? How did he first seek to obtain possession of it? In what way had the man who owned it acquired it? In what way did the wicked queen finally manage so that the king might obtain this property? Which were honest and which were dishonest ways of acquiring property? What did the prophet say to the king about this matter? What was the result of his dishonesty? Read I Kings 21:1-22 for the answers to these questions.

3. Read the following Bible passages to discover what Paul and Jesus had to say about being honest: Mark 12:17; Rom. 13:7-10.

4. Give illustrations from the lives of the following great Americans to show their honest dealings with others: William Penn; Abraham Lincoln; George Washington.

5. Read through the following problems carefully. Write your answers in the blank space under each problem:

a. John printed some cards for Carl for twenty-five cents. John gave him the cards and Carl said he would bring the money to him in a few days. But Carl failed to bring the money. Carl has money at school every day and sometimes leaves it carelessly lying on the top of his desk. John needs the money which Carl owes him. Would it be all right for John to take the money off Carl's desk and tell Carl it is the money he owes him? What do you think you would do if you were in John's place? .....

.....

b. Caroline was helping to get refreshments ready for a meeting of the Parent-Teachers' Association, at the request of her teacher. When she had completed her task she was very hungry and the food looked tempting. She knew she would have no opportunity to share in the refreshments later for she was not invited to the meeting. However, she

had given more than an hour of her time to help to prepare them. Her teacher was not there to ask about it. Would it have been all right for her to help herself to some of these refreshments? What do you think you would have done if you had been in her place?.....

.....

.....

c. Mary's parents do not give her an allowance. But one day her mother gave her some money to buy groceries at the store. Mary wanted some candy so she bought it for herself and had it included on the bill. She said she had as much right to buy what she wanted with her dad's money as the rest of the family had. Was she right in this? What do you think you would have done if you had been in her place? .....

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d. A group of girls were going on a picnic together. Some of them were eleven and some of them were twelve years old. All who were twelve years old or over were supposed to pay full fare on the street car. Grace was over twelve but small for her age. The girls were making fun of her because she thought she ought to pay full fare. The other girls were saving their extra money for candy and peanuts. If you had been in Grace's place do you think you would have paid full fare or would you have saved the extra money to spend at the picnic?

.....

.....

e. Henry broke a window of a neighbor's house one day while he was playing "cop and robber" with the boys. The next day he thought it over while he was in school. After school he took a ruler and measured the broken pane. He then cut a piece of glass the right size. Then he got putty and a putty knife. When he rang the doorbell the lady came to the door and he told her what he had done. She gave him permission to put in the new pane. Was it necessary for Henry to do this, since the lady had no way of finding out who had broken it and since it had been broken accidentally in play? What do you think you would have done if you had been in his place?.....

.....

f. Elizabeth was going with a crowd of boys and girls to the lake shore for a marshmallow roast. She had promised them that she would get the marshmallows. She stopped for them at a grocery store on her way. She had almost reached the lake when she discovered that the grocer had given her fifty cents too much change. When she suggested returning with it one of her friends who was with her said, "Oh, don't go back now; we're late already." Another said: "What's fifty cents,

anyway? He won't even miss it." A third said: "It was his fault anyway, and not yours. He gave you the wrong change." Which of the girls do you think was right? What do you think you would have done if you had been in Elizabeth's place?.....

.....

.....

g. Is it ever right to follow the rule, "Finders keepers; losers weepers"? If so, under what conditions?.....

.....

.....

h. Is it honest to borrow money for your own personal use from an organization of which you are treasurer?.....

.....

i. Is it excusable to destroy or injure private or public property because it is Halloween night and you are out for a lark?.....

.....

j. Has anyone ever the right to use a story, essay, or quotation from the writing of another? If so, under what conditions?.....

.....

k. Has one country the moral right to take lands from another by war or conquest? .....

.....

LESSON XXII

MINE, YOURS—AND GOD'S

"It's my very own," said Max, as he came into class the next day, exhibiting proudly a five-dollar gold piece.

"Are you sure about that?" questioned Frank teasingly. "Perhaps before we are through I can persuade you that it belongs to me."

"I should say not. I tell you it's my very own. Dad gave it to me yesterday for my birthday, to do with as I please. I'm going to have a grand time spending it."

That morning the class joined in the following responsive reading:

CLASS: "The earth is Jehovah's, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein."
LEADER: "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine. . . .
And the cattle upon a thousand hills.
I know all the birds of the mountains;
And the wild beasts of the field are mine. . . .
For the world is mone, and the fulness thereof," saith the Lord of Hosts.
CLASS: "Know ye that Jehovah, he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and we are his;
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture."
LEADER: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with whom can be no variation, neither shadow that is cast by turning."
CLASS: "What shall I render unto Jehovah
For all his benefits toward me?"
LEADER: "Ascribe unto Jehovah the glory due unto his name:
Bring an offering, and come before him;
Worship Jehovah in holy array."

There was a moment of quiet. Then Miss Graham led them in their morning prayer:

"Our Father, help us to be honest with each other; but, most of all, help us to be honest with thee, bringing to thee those treasures of our lives which thou hast intrusted to us, using them as thou wouldst have us use them."

"Max, will you lend me your five-dollar gold piece for a moment?" asked Miss Graham.

Holding it up before the class, she asked them, "Where did this come from?"

"From Max's pocket," several answered.

"But where did you get it, Max?" she continued questioning with a twinkle in her eye.

"I got it from my dad for my birthday," was Max's quick and proud response.

"But where did your father get it?" was the next query.

"Oh, it came out of his month's salary check, I suppose," he answered. "He had his check cashed at the bank and put five dollars into this gold piece for a birthday present for me."

"Then your father got this by working for it, didn't he?" was Miss Graham's next comment. "It represents some of the hard work your father does at the office. It is a real part of him, traded off for this gold piece."

"I suppose it is," replied Max thoughtfully. "But I never thought of it quite that way before."

"You wouldn't want to use it carelessly then, would you?" queried Miss Graham.

"I should say not," responded Max quickly. "I know what it means to earn money. I worked a whole day last summer for a dollar, mowing our neighbor's big lawn. I can tell you, something of *me* went into that dollar I earned. But I'm not going to use this money carelessly either. I'm going to buy something special with it that I've been wanting for a long time."

But Miss Graham was not through with her questioning. "Let's trace this five-dollar gold piece back still farther," she said. "Who gave your father the strength and health and

mental ability necessary to earn this piece of money and all the rest needed for your family?" she asked.

Max thought a moment before he answered, "Well, if you put it that way, I suppose God gave them to him."

Then Miss Graham repeated again thoughtfully:

> " 'The silver is mine, and the gold is mine. . . .
> And the cattle upon a thousand hills. . . .
> Know ye that Jehovah, he is God:
> It is he that hath made us, and we are his,' "

and added: "Back of all things is God. To him all things belong."

"Then nothing we have is really our own?" questioned Ruth.

"I see it now," said Max. "It all belongs to God, for he made us and he has given us everything we possess."

"Then there are other things which belong to God besides our money," spoke out Frank. "Money isn't everything."

"Yes, there are our talents, our time, and our strength. They all belong to him too," continued their teacher.

"I wonder how he would like to have us use them all. I am sure of one thing: he would want us to use them to help other people and to help to make the world a better place to live in," said Ruth.

"I wonder how he would like to have me use my five-dollar gold piece," thought Max, as he twirled it about in his fingers.

"This world would certainly be a better place to live in if only everybody thought of his money and his other possessions as belonging to God," said Joyce thoughtfully.

"And we should always remember, too," said Miss Graham earnestly, "that not only our things but we ourselves belong to him. For 'we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.' "

She stepped to the piano and began to play softly one of the favorite hymns of the class. Then they gathered in a circle around the piano as they sang together earnestly:

> [6] "Just as I am, Thine own to be,
> Friend of the young, who lovest me,

[6] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 181.

To consecrate myself to thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come, I come.

"In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart, I come, I come.

"I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve thee with all my might;
Therefore, to thee I come, I come.

"Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and thee,
Lord of my life, I come, I come."

"Dear Father," they prayed, "we thank thee for all thy good gifts to us, of health, time, strength, and money. Help us always to remember that these gifts come from thee. May we always pay back in full measure in thy service, that we may be honest with thee. Amen."

Our Part

1. Read Mark 12:1-9 for the story of a dishonest man who would not recognize the rights of the owner of a vineyard. In what way might a man who refuses to give God anything be compared to the steward in this story which Jesus told?

2. Read Luke 10:30-37 for another story which Jesus told. Some one[7] has said that three possible rules for living are illustrated in this short story. They are as follows:

a. "What's yours is mine; I'll take it."

b. "What's mine is my own; I'll keep it."

c. "What's mine is ours; I'll share it."

What person or persons in this story practiced each of these rules? Which of these was the only truly honest man? Why?

3. Think of one piece of personal property which you own. This might be a fountain pen, a piece of jewelry, a new dress, or any other possession. Trace the materials out of which this is made back to their original source as Max did with his five-dollar gold piece. You might make a poster illustrating these different steps.

[7] From "Where Do You Live?" by Charles R. Brown. Yale University Press, 1926. Used by permission.

COMRADES ALONG THE ROAD

CHRIST AND THE FISHERMEN

LESSON XXIII

FRIENDSHIP PROBLEMS

The Intermediate Department of the Trinity Church Sunday School had sent twenty members to camp the summer before. The experiences which they had shared there and the discoveries made during the year in following the Quest under the leadership of Mr. Rogers, the teacher of the boys' class, and Miss Florence, the girls' teacher, had been a bond which had drawn the members of each group close together in friendly relations.

One Sunday evening the girls were in Miss Florence' apartment. They had taken possession of every available seat. Betty and Madge were curled up on the sofa; Frances and Jean leaned back on the arms of the big chair in which Miss Florence was sitting; Julia and Gertrude sat cross-legged before the tiny grate fire.

"Where's Doris?" asked Miss Florence, glancing about inquiringly. "Couldn't she come to-night?"

The girls looked at each other. Finally Madge answered reluctantly. "Oh, she's gone off with her other crowd to-night. They've gone to the movies, I suppose."

"Her other crowd?" questioned Miss Florence. "Why, I thought you girls were her chosen friends—especially you, Madge, and Betty."

There was an awkward silence for a moment. Then Betty spoke up in defense of her friend, "You know, Miss Florence, you said yourself that we should have different kinds of friends."

"But Miss Florence didn't mean the kind of friends *that* crowd is," burst out Jean impulsively.

"I know Doris' mother doesn't just exactly approve of

that crowd," said Betty slowly, "and neither does Doris, either, for that matter—or at least she didn't at first. But she wanted to help them to be better. She told me that herself. But now we're rather afraid they are influencing her more than she is influencing them."

"It's rather important to choose the right kind of intimate friends," said Miss Florence slowly, "because they really help to make us what we are. They may influence us for good or for evil, for in close friendship it's give as well as take, receive as well as serve, just as in a game of tennis."

"I know it is," replied Julia. "That's why we're so anxious for Doris. I got acquainted with the wrong kind of friends myself when I first moved to town and didn't know anyone. At first I didn't know they weren't the right kind, but when I did realize it, it was almost too late. I couldn't absolutely ignore them without being rude and the more I associated with them the more I found myself being influenced by them. I hardly knew what to do about it."

"There's one thing that puzzles me," said Jean. "Doesn't it seem a bit snobbish to be so particular about choosing friends? Shouldn't we be friends with all sorts of girls just as Doris is trying to be to-night?"

"Isn't there a real difference between friendliness and friendship?" asked Miss Florence.

"Why, of course there is," replied Madge. "We can be friendly to all the girls at school—and everybody in our neighborhood, too, for that matter—but we don't need to tell them all our secrets and make them a real part of ourselves as we do our chums."

"Sometimes we choose those we should like for intimate friends and then seem unable to win or to keep their friendship," said Frances soberly. "For instance there's Ruth, one of the girls I met this summer. She was so splendid that I wanted her for my best friend. When we left camp she promised me faithfully she would write every week. She did write several times and then I didn't hear from her for a long

while. I had been answering all her letters promptly and didn't see any reason why she should stop writing, so I wrote her again to ask her what the trouble was. She wrote back that sometimes she was too busy to write and at other times forgot to mail the letters. Then I told her if I didn't hear from her soon I should know that she wished to discontinue the correspondence and to give up the friendship. I received another letter last month and answered it but I haven't heard from her since. I wish she cared enough to write me."

"There were three of us who tried to be friends last year," said Gertrude, "but it didn't work very well. One of us felt left out practically all the time, and I was generally that one. We couldn't go anywhere together without one whispering to the other about the third and hurting her feelings. This grew worse until if one of us saw the other two together she would be offended. We were all in one Sunday School class, which made it all the worse. After a month or two I prayed about it, hoping to learn what to do. Before long I was promoted to this department and so left the class."

"That was a good answer to your prayer, wasn't it?" asked Miss Florence.

"Yes, I guess so," answered Gertrude slowly, with a sigh, "but I still like Rose, and sometimes I wish I could see more of her."

"The thing that hurts me," said Madge, "is having some one I think is a good friend disappoint me. I had a friend I thought I could trust, but I found out she was telling false tales about me to the other girls. Besides, she was always telling our secrets to others. Of course, I couldn't have confidence in her any more after that. I wish I could, though."

"I thought Judie Gray was going to be a good pal," said Julia, "but the first thing I knew she was taking advantage of our friendship to impose upon me. She was always wanting to wear my jewelry and to borrow my note paper. She didn't bother to pay it back either. Then the other day when I wouldn't let her wear my best carved ivory pendant she got

angry with me. Now she is going around with Mary for her best friend, borrowing her jewelry and using her note paper. I hope Mary enjoys it. I certainly didn't. I'm sorry she turned out to be that kind of friend, for I rather liked her."

"Would you like a good recipe for making and keeping friends?" asked Miss Florence, smiling, as she picked up a small leather-bound volume which lay on her table.

"Is that a recipe book you have?" asked Jean curiously.

"Yes, indeed," answered Miss Florence, her eyes twinkling. "It contains a number of rather good recipes. But one of the best is the friendship recipe which the Apostle Paul wrote down many years ago in a letter to the people of one of his churches who were having difficulties in their friendly relations with each other."

"Oh, it's something in the Bible, isn't it?" said Jean.

Opening the little book, Miss Florence began to read:

[1] "Love is patient and kind. Love knows neither envy nor jealousy. Love is not forward and self-assertive, nor boastful and conceited. She does not behave unbecomingly, nor seek to aggrandize herself, nor blaze out in passionate anger, nor brood over wrongs. She finds no pleasure in injustice done to others, but joyfully sides with the truth. She knows how to be silent. She is full of trust, full of hope, full of patient endurance. Love never fails."

Holding her finger in the place, Miss Florence continued speaking: "Another later writer [2] has compared this description of love to a rainbow with its different colors. Just as the colors of the rainbow make it beautiful so these qualities make love the most beautiful thing in the world."

"Let's see if we can't name the different colors in our friendship rainbow," suggested Frances.

The girls took pencil and paper, and as Miss Florence read the description again more slowly, they put down words to describe the different phrases.

[1] Cor. 13:4-8 according to Weymouth's "New Testament in Modern Speech." Clarke, 1923. Used by permission.

[2] "The Greatest Thing in the World," by Henry Drummond. Altemus, 1898.

"There are nine colors in this rainbow," said Jean. This was the list they had made:

Patience	Unselfishness
Kindness	Good temper
Generosity	Confidence
Humility	Sincerity
Courtesy	

"I'm quite sure I need some patience in my friendship cake," said Frances whimsically when they were through.

"And I need some good temper and generosity," said Gertrude.

"Even if our other friends disappoint us and turn us down, we can still count on you, Miss Florence, can't we?" said the girls as they rose to go. "You always help us to be our best. And we'll try always to be the sort of friends who will never disappoint you."

"That, after all, is the whole secret," answered Miss Florence, as she placed a hand on the arm of the girl nearest her: "living up to our friends' expectations for us. That's why we all need friends who will hold us to our best."

"That's why we want you as a friend," said Julia shyly.

Miss Florence gave Julia one quick, affectionate glance as she replied quietly, "It may be that I need you girls more than you need me."

Then she added earnestly, "Girls, isn't it a comforting thought that Jesus felt the need of friends, just like the rest of us, so he chose twelve men to become his comrades? Would you like to know what Jesus did the night before he chose these friends of his? You will find it in Luke 6:12-16.

Jean picked up the Bible lying on the table and read it silently. "Why, it says he spent the whole night praying before he chose them," she said when she was through reading. "I guess he wanted his Father to help him to choose them so he wouldn't make any mistakes."

"And in that little group he had an inner circle of more

intimate friends who shared some of the most sacred experiences of his life with him," Miss Florence continued.

"Some of the last words Jesus said before his death were about friendship," she added. "You will find them in John 15:12-15. Jean, you read them for us."

Jean opened the Bible again and read:

"This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you. No longer do I call you servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things I heard from my Father I have made known unto you. Ye did not choose me, but I chose you, and appointed you, that ye should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you."

"And the best part of it is, girls, that he has chosen us also to become his friends and comrades of the Quest," she added softly.

"Of course, we know he's our Friend and Comrade," said Gertrude, "but sometimes he seems so far away."

"A good man by the name of Augustine, who lived many years ago, knew what this most satisfying of all friendships meant," answered Miss Florence. He wrote these words: 'Thou hast made us for thyself, and our hearts are restless until they find their rest in thee.'

"Perhaps that's why he puts this longing for friends in our hearts," said thoughtful Julia. "So we can be sure to find him for a friend even though others fail us and disappoint us."

Standing in a friendship circle that night they prayed earnestly together:

"Our dear Father God, help us in all our friendships to be true friends. And most of all may we find in Jesus, our Comrade in the Quest, the understanding Friend our hearts crave. Amen."

Our Part

1. Make a list of the twelve comrades whom Jesus chose. Which three were in the inner circle of his friends? Read the following refer-

ences for the stories of three experiences which he shared with them: Mark 5:35-43; 9:2-9; 14:32-42.

2. What are some of the qualities you wish your most intimate friend to have?

3. What are five reasons why intimate friendships are most often broken or destroyed?

4. Some of the boys in Mr. Rogers' class were also facing certain problems in their friendly relations with others:

a. Howard was the treasurer for his class. He kept the class money in a certain drawer in his desk. One day Fred was over at his house working with him. Howard asked Fred to go to this drawer to get a pair of pliers he needed. When his friend went home Howard missed the money. He did not have the "crust" to accuse Fred because he was his best friend and "buddie." So he took some of his own spending money to replace the missing funds. Howard still feels that his friend is guilty of taking the money but he is leaving it to him to tell the truth.

Do you think that they can still remain intimate friends if Howard continues to suspect Fred of dishonesty? Is confidence in each other and respect for each other necessary for true friendship?

b. Don lives across the street from Joe. They have been good friends for several years. But every once in a while Joe asks Don to do a piece of work for him that he could just as well do for himself. Don is good-natured and usually does what Joe asks him to do. Finally one day Don decided that he had done this long enough. He was not going to be imposed upon any longer. He went home without finishing the job. Then Joe got mad and wouldn't have anything more to do with Don.

Was Don a real friend since he was not willing to do everything Joe asked him to do? Can two be the best kind of friends if one takes advantage of the good nature and friendship of the other to impose upon him?

5. What is the most difficult problem in friendship which you have yet faced? What particular phrase of the friendship recipe in I Cor. 13:4-8 do you think would help you most in solving your friendship problem?

LESSON XXIV

FRIENDSHIP WITH THE GREAT COMRADE

FRANCES had charge of the opening service of worship in her department the next Sunday morning. All week the conversation of the Sunday night before had been in her mind. She was thrilled over the discovery of what friendship with Christ might mean to her; so she chose as their opening song that morning:

[3] "I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus he bound me to him;
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am his, and he is mine,
Forever and forever.

"I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, he died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But his own self he gave me.
Naught that I have mine own I call,
I hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are his, and his forever.

"I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,
So kind, and true, and tender!
So wise a Counselor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From him who loves me now so well
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life or death, or earth or hell?
No: I am his forever."

[3] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 191.

Mr. Rogers watched out of the corner of his eye as the boys in his class straggled in and slid into their seats beside him, with a smile of greeting. Mr. Rogers was proud of his boys. There was no finer class anywhere, he thought to himself. But he missed Jack. In fact he had been missing him for several Sundays. And even before that, for some time, he had been missing the earnest, confidential conversations which they had had together. Of all the boys in the class Jack had been the oldest, the most reliable, and the one who had shared with Mr. Rogers the responsibility for the younger boys. They had been great friends.

As the boys looked at Mr. Rogers with his straight shoulders and athletic figure they thought to themselves that never could a bunch of boys have a friendlier and finer friend and teacher than theirs.

When the boys entered the classroom that morning they found written on the blackboard the words:

COMRADES OF THE QUEST

What did friendship with Jesus mean to the first twelve comrades?

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.

"What do you suppose being friends with Jesus meant to Peter and James, John and the rest?" asked Mr. Rogers.

"Well, I suppose it meant getting better acquainted with him, for one thing. A fellow gets to know a lot about a close friend. He learns what his friend thinks about different things and what he will do in all sorts of situations," said Jim.

"If they had not obeyed Jesus at the very first they would never have become his friends at all," added Bob.

"I suppose," said Roy, "that as they got to know him better and saw how much stronger and purer his life was than theirs, all the horrid, mean, selfish, cowardly things they had been doing and thinking showed up rather bad by contrast. It must have made them humble and ashamed. I am sure they tried, then, to make their lives more like his."

"And of course," said Dick, "they couldn't have been his real comrades if they had not wanted to share his work. They learned to go out and help people just as Jesus did. After all, just working together helps to make some folks better friends—don't you think so?"

"And they gave up something for him, too," added Jim. "They gave up their boats and their nets and didn't go home very often, but they were glad to make these sacrifices because of their friendship for him."

"They learned to trust him, too," was Eugene's contribution. "The night they were in the little boat on the Sea of Galilee and the storm came up those brave, strong fishermen were afraid, but they soon discovered that Jesus was equal to any storm on land or sea. They felt safe with him after that."

"They learned some secrets from him. For one thing, they learned how to pray to the heavenly Father," said Bill.

"They didn't want to do anything to grieve or to disappoint him," said Fred.

"They wanted others to know him, too," added Joe.

"Fellows, do you suppose being friends with Jesus might mean all of this to us, too?" Mr. Rogers asked them earnestly.

"Well, you see it's this way," said Jim slowly. "It's not exactly the same with us. They were with Jesus every day and could see him and actually talk with him, so, of course, their friendship could seem more real."

"But Jesus' friends discovered one of the biggest secrets of friendship after he was taken from them," said Mr. Rogers. "They discovered that his friendship was just as real to them

then as it had been before when they could carry him about in their boat or sit and talk with him on the mountain side. They were sure his spirit was with them, for they could talk with him just as they talked with the Father. They often found themselves asking what he would do if he were in their place just as though he were standing close by."

"Mr. Rogers, is that what it means to be a Christian?" asked Eugene suddenly. "I mean, just knowing that Jesus is real and that you and he are good friends? If it's as simple as that I'd like to try."

As the boys bowed their heads in earnest prayer for their classmate Mr. Rogers' hand gripped the hand of Eugene, as they prayed together:

"Help him, O Father, to become a true comrade of the Quest. May he finds in Jesus a true Friend, Comrade(and Saviour. Amen."

One by one the boys who were followers of the Quest gripped the hand of their new comrade along the Way as they welcomed him into their midst.

Our Part

1. Does friendship with Jesus mean to you:

a. Getting better acquainted with him by studying his Word and associating with people who know and love him?

b. Getting his point of view about things; asking yourself what he would probably do if he were facing the problem you are facing?

c. Keeping humble in spirit, as you contrast the strength and beauty of his life with your own faults and failures?

d. Telling him all your troubles; confessing your sins to him, instead of keeping them buried in your heart; thus knowing your sins are forgiven?

e. Sharing all your deepest experiences with him in prayer?

f. Finding out what he wants you to do and then feeling sure no other way is better?

g. Broadening your sympathies; being friends with all his friends; showing the same friendly spirit he showed toward all the other children of the Father's great family throughout the world?

h. Obeying him gladly?

i. Sacrificing for his cause?
j. Sharing his work?
k. Sharing his friendship with others?

2. What are the greatest problems you face in trying to live a Christian life? If you are not yet a Christian, what seems to be the greatest difficulty in the way?

LESSON XXV

FORGIVING OTHERS

The girls of Miss Florence' class were talking excitedly as they walked up the steps and rang the bell to her apartment.

"The idea of Doris' doing anything like that!" exclaimed Jean.

"Why, I saw them myself," said Betty, "standing right out there in front of the theater with the commonest sort of boys, and Grace told me she heard them talking and making fun of 'that goody-goody bunch over at the church and their pious teacher who is such a highbrow.' And Doris was laughing right along with the rest."

"Just as though she had never belonged to us at all," spoke out Julia soberly.

"I can never forgive her in all the world," burst out Madge bitterly. (Of all the girls in the class Madge and Doris had been closest friends.) "Why, she's a traitor. She's just like Peter, or Judas. I suppose she's told them all our secrets, too. If that isn't 'yellow,' what is?"

"Why, girls, what's the matter?" asked Miss Florence after they had all entered and were seated.

"Oh," said Madge, "it's Doris again. She has turned traitor and has told all our secrets, and has made fun of us all to her new crowd. I can never, never forgive her."

"Isn't it a shame!" cried out Betty and Frances together.

"I'm sorry," was all Miss Florence could say, as she looked at the girls soberly. It hurt more than she could tell to have their circle broken into in that way.

The girls were silent for a moment. Then Madge burst out again. "You don't have to forgive things like that, do you? Doris doesn't deserve to have anyone forgive her."

"This business of forgiving people too easily gets to be rather inconvenient sometimes," added Betty. "People think they can take advantage of you and impose upon you and do all sorts of mean tricks if they know you'll always be easy with them and forgive them every time, don't they, Miss Florence? You know that's true."

Miss Florence looked soberly at Betty but said nothing.

"I don't think you have to forgive people so easily either," said Jean. "The other day my sister got what was coming to her. She'll be more careful about destroying my property next time, I can tell you. She had the nerve to take my skipping rope and cut it up for something she wanted. When I went into the house to get it mother told me what she had done with it. I was so mad I was determined to 'get even.' That night I had my chance when all the folks were away. I took some old love letters of hers that I knew she wanted to keep, and read every one of them—silly old things—and then burnt them up. It just served her right, too."

"Well," flashed out Madge, "if Doris thinks we are going to be nice to her, and take her back into our circle just as soon as she says she is sorry, she'll be mistaken, at least so far as I am concerned. I, for one, am done with her."

Miss Florence looked steadily at Madge for a moment. Then she said, "It's too bad, Madge. You won't be able to pray The Lord's Prayer with us any more, will you—at least while you feel as you do about Doris?"

Madge looked at her in astonishment. "Why, what do you mean, Miss Florence?"

For an answer, Miss Florence repeated the words of The Lord's Prayer, with special emphasis upon the phrase: "Forgive us our debts, *as* we forgive our debtors."

"I never thought of it just that way before," said Madge hesitatingly.

"I wonder what Jesus would do if he were in our place tonight," questioned Miss Florence almost as though she were speaking to herself. Madge did not answer this time. She

had stiffened up again defiantly and was staring into the blazing fire.

"One of Jesus' friends must have found it hard to forgive, too," continued Miss Florence, "for he came to Jesus one day to ask how many times he must forgive his brother."

"What did Jesus say?" asked Julia.

"You will find his answer in Matt. 18:21-35," suggested Miss Florence.

Gertrude reached for the Bible on the table. "It was Peter," she said after she had finished reading it. "Jesus told him he should forgive his brother seventy times seven times. Then he told him a story about an old rascal who wouldn't forgive his neighbor a small debt when he himself had been forgiven a large one."

Miss Florence picked up her Goodspeed translation of the New Testament,[4] turned to Matt. 6:14, 15, and read aloud to the girls: "But if you do not forgive others when they offend you, your heavenly Father will not forgive you for your offenses."

"We'll try to forgive as we are forgiven," said all the girls as they bade Miss Florence good night. All but Madge—an ugly spirit had fallen upon her. She was not at all like the merry Madge who made so much fun at all their gatherings. As she slipped out the door Miss Florence tried to put a hand on her shoulder and look straight into her eyes for a minute but Madge turned away. It seemed to Miss Florence that Madge was slipping out of their friendship circle almost more than Doris was.

Madge tried to pray that night but the growing bitterness in her heart made her prayer nothing but a mere repetition of words. With resentment in her heart, she realized that she, too, had been far outside the friendship circle that night in spirit. More keenly still did she realize that she was far away from the Great Comrade.

[4] Goodspeed, Edgar J., "The New Testament." University of Chicago Press, 1923.

Doris that night was miserable, also. She, too, was an outsider. She had proved untrue to the girls, to Miss Florence, and most of all, to Jesus, her best Friend. "I guess I'm just like Judas," she thought. "I really don't want to belong with that new crowd and the other girls will never want me back. And Miss Florence—I never want to look her in the face again. What shall I do?"

* * *

Jack was very unhappy. Ever since Joe had challenged his leadership in the Pine Tree Patrol there had been a slow enmity growing up between them. Joe had been working steadily to undermine his influence with the other boys, he was sure. He suspected also that he had been carrying tales to his friend, Mr. Rogers. Only this week he had met Joe on the street with a couple of his friends. Joe had called him a coward and a cad and challenged him to a fight. As Jack looked down at the contemptible little fellow, so much smaller and lighter in weight than he, he had wished that he might mop up the sidewalk with him. "When I fight, I'll fight my size," he said to himself, as he stiffened up and passed along, ignoring the challenge.

But the hatred in his heart had smoldered and then blazed up, burning fiercely, threatening to destroy all his happiness in his desire for revenge. In the meanwhile the Quest was forgotten and his Comrade in the Quest became a stranger to him.

As Jack slouched down the street one evening that week he met Mr. Rogers. They were about to pass a word of greeting and then go on their way when something about Jack's slumped shoulders and miserable face made Mr. Rogers stop, place his hands on his shoulder with a strong grip, and ask Jack in the most winning comradely fashion: "How about it, old man? We've been missing you lately around the church. It doesn't seem like the same place without you. Will you be with us next Sunday?"

Before he realized it Jack had promised to come to the class again the next Sunday morning.

Our Part

1. Discuss the following problems in forgiveness:

a. One day as Bert was coming home from school he saw Stanley coming out of his yard with his bicycle. Stanley was a strange boy in the neighborhood whom none of the other boys knew very well. When Bert called to him to bring his bicycle back Stanley only laughed and rode off with it. Bert prized the bicycle very highly, for his father had given it to him for a birthday gift. He saw nothing more of Stanley and the bicycle that afternoon but the next morning he found it in the yard with both tires flat and the fender broken. What do you think Bert should have done about it?

(1) Beaten Stanley up? ( )
(2) Reported it to the police? ( )
(3) Told the boy's father? ( )
(4) Made Stanley pay for damages? ( )
(5) Spread tales about the new boy at school? ( )
(6) Watched for a chance to injure some of Stanley's property? ( )
(7) Watched for a chance to do him a friendly turn? ( )
(8)
(9)

What do you think the Boy Christ would have done if he had been in Bert's place?

b. Gertrude had a friend who didn't have money to get the school things she needed so Gertrude was always doing nice things to help Dorothy out. One day Gertrude asked Dorothy if she would like to go to a recital with her. When Dorothy called for her Gertrude told her that she was to play in this recital. Dorothy replied, "Well, what's that to me?" Gertrude felt hurt about this rude remark of Dorothy's so they didn't go to the recital together after all. The next morning she didn't call for Dorothy on the way to school either. For several days she didn't speak to Dorothy, thinking surely she would apologize. Finally, Gertrude, wishing to make up with her friend, said to her: "Of course, you know why I'm mad at you. If you will apologize for what you said I will make up with you." Dorothy replied, "Well, if that's what you are mad about I can't take it back, for I really meant it." The girls are still not speaking even though Gertrude is very fond of Dorothy. But she is hurt that Dorothy should treat her so after she has done her so many favors.

What would you do if you were in Gertrude's place?

c. Joseph's brothers were very jealous of him because he was the fa-

vorite son of their father. One day when they had the chance they tore off the beautiful coat their father had given him, threw him into a pit, and finally sold him to some slave traders who were going through the country. Later Joseph became ruler in Egypt and, during a great famine was given entire charge of the grain supply. His brothers came to him, not knowing who he was, for a supply of grain. This was Joseph's opportunity to "get even." What might Joseph have done?

(1) Refused them any grain? ( )
(2) Had them all killed as spies? ( )
(3) Made them slaves? ( )
(4) Given them food because that was his duty and because they had the money to pay for it, but had nothing more to do with them? ( )
(5) Showed himself to them as a forgiving brother, instead of a proud ruler over them? ( )

Which of these did Joseph really do in return? Read Gen. 42:1 to 45:20 for the story. Which do you consider was really the best way to get even?

2. What wrongs do others do to you which seem to you most difficult to forgive?

a. Talking about you? ( )
b. Tattling? ( )
c. Destroying or injuring your property? ( )
d. Ridiculing you? ( )
e. Failing to keep their promises? ( )
f. Snubbing you? ( )
g. Inflicting physical injury? ( )
h. Punishing you unjustly? ( )
i.
j.

How do you think you should respond to such bad treatment? What seems to you the easiest way in which to respond?

3. What is the most difficult problem in forgiveness you have faced recently?

4. Read Matt. 5:38-48; 6:14, 15; Mark 11:25 for some of Jesus' teaching about forgiveness. Read also Eph. 4:31, 32; Col. 3:12, 13; Rom. 12:19-21 for what Paul had to say about forgiving others.

5. Think of all your different friends and acquaintances to see if there are any whom you have wronged in some way intentionally or thoughtlessly. Be sure to include the family circle. Try to make these wrongs right, as far as possible, this week. If you have friends who have done you wrong, ask God to help you to have in your heart the same spirit toward them that Jesus had toward those who wronged him.

LESSON XXVI

RENEWING FRIENDSHIP WITH GOD

"It's good to see you, old chap," was Mr. Rogers' hearty greeting as Jack slid into his seat the next Sunday morning. Before the discussion of the lesson began Mr. Rogers spoke to the boys about the Communion service on the following Sunday, inviting them all to join with him in this token of their love and respect for their Master and Comrade in the Quest.

As they left their classroom Mr. Rogers, looking into Jack's troubled face, said: "See here, old man, we haven't had much chance lately for a visit, have we? Come on over this afternoon. We'll go for a walk together."

That afternoon, sitting on some old stumps in the middle of the woods, with only a few chipmunks and squirrels to keep them company, Jack poured out the whole story of Joe's hateful dealings with him and of the bitterness which threatened to hold him fast.

"I can't go to the Lord's table feeling as I do, Mr. Rogers," he said in conclusion. "I'm really not a good friend of Christ's any more. For I can't get rid of this hard and bitter feeling for Joe. It seems to me only a soft sort of fellow would let the things he has done to me pass."

Mr. Rogers thought a moment before he replied. Then he said, "Jack, would you call Jesus himself a 'soft sort of fellow'? Or was he a man's Man?"

"Of course, he wasn't 'soft'!" said Jack in protest.

Without further comment Mr. Rogers pulled from his pocket a Testament and began to read to Jack the story of the insults and suffering heaped upon Jesus at the time of his trial and crucifixion, Luke 22:54 to 23:38.

"Did Jesus deserve any of the ridicule, or torture, or insult his enemies heaped upon him?" Mr. Rogers asked soberly when he was through reading.

Jack shook his head vigorously. He could not speak just then for the great lump in his throat.

"Jesus suffered much at the hands of his enemies," Mr. Rogers continued, "but what must have cut even more deeply than their scourging were the wounds he received at the hands of those who had promised to be his comrades—those who denied him and deserted him just when he needed them most, failing to show through their words and acts that they had ever been associated with him."

Jack's head dropped lower and lower in shame and humiliation as he thought of all the brave promises he had made to follow Christ in the Quest for real life. A fine Christian spirit he had shown to the other boys—and especially to Joe!

Then Mr. Rogers added, "A brave comrade of the Quest who suffered much hardship and bitter persecution from the enemies of the cause once said, 'Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and railing, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you.'"

At these last words Jack looked up at his friend. "Do you suppose Jesus would want a fellow to come back to him for a friend after he had treated him the way I have?" he asked earnestly.

For answer Mr. Rogers opened his Testament again to the story of a camp breakfast by the Sea of Galilee, John 21:1-17, saying, "He forgave Peter for denying him and took him back into the friendship circle once more, letting him share in carrying on his work." Then they read together the account of the conversation which Jesus and Peter had together and the renewing of the ties of friendship.

Then Jack and Mr. Rogers bowed in prayer and Jack poured out his confession to his neglected Comrade. As Jack and

Mr. Rogers walked slowly back to town, Jack realized that he had come to know this Comrade of his in a way he had never known him before. He knew him now as a forgiving Friend and a Saviour, for the load of bitterness and hatred was gone.

* * * *

Madge, too, had been thinking of the Communion service so soon to be observed, as she entered the classroom with the rest of the girls for their Sunday School lesson. Three months before she and Doris had taken Communion together, happy in their newly found friendship with the Christ. She wasn't fit to have a place at the Lord's table now, she thought to herself, with this feeling of bitterness in her heart.

That afternoon Miss Florence had two visitors. Doris was the first to come. She poured out the whole story of her cowardice and compromise with evil. "You'll never want me for a friend again, I'm afraid," she sobbed, "and I don't deserve to be your friend, either."

For answer, Miss Florence put her arms around the girl and drew her close to her. "That's what real friends always need to do," she answered: "to forgive, and to keep on forgiving each other."

"But the girls—Betty, Jean, Frances, and the rest—especially Madge! They don't want me any longer." Her lips trembled.

"See if you don't find them to be real friends, too," said Miss Florence soberly, thinking of Madge, and wondering.

"And God? I've sinned against him, and against Jesus. Will he forgive?"

Miss Florence's answer was promptly given. "If true earthly friends are ready to forgive, can they be any better than our heavenly Father?"

"Oh, I see it now," said Doris. Then together they prayed for the Father's forgiveness. It was a different Doris who finished her prayer. "I'm going to be a true friend from now

on to you and the girls, and most of all to Jesus," she said simply.

Later that evening there came another light rap at Miss Florence' door. This time it was Madge, even more miserable than Doris had been.

"O Miss Florence, can't you help me? Can't you help me to forgive? I don't belong to our circle any more than Doris does, for the other girls have all forgiven her and I can't. I'm afraid I don't belong among Christ's friends either, for he seems so far away. What shall I do with all this bitter feeling in my heart that is holding me fast?"

"Madge," replied Miss Florence, "do you remember that verse of Paul's: 'Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and railing, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you'?

"Maybe God is grieved because of the way you have been acting and thinking," added Miss Florence soberly.

"Oh, I'm sure he must be. I've done and thought and said so many wrong things since this trouble came up," said Madge slowly.

"Do you suppose he feels bitter and hard toward you, and unforgiving?" asked Miss Florence.

Madge thought for a moment. Then her face brightened as she said, "God is my Father, and even though he were no better than my own precious dad, I know he would forgive, for dad always does when I'm sorry for the wrong I've done."

"Would Jesus forgive you?"

"He forgave the soldiers, and Pilate, and the Pharisees, and the crowd, and Peter. I guess he would forgive me, too."

Then they prayed together, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

"Oh, I understand; I see now," said Madge with eyes glowing. "I must go to find Doris. I must tell her how sorry I am. I can hardly wait now to make it all right. I'm afraid she didn't go to Sunday School last Sunday because I snubbed

her. I'll go right now and ask her to go with me next Sunday. Then we can take Communion together, too."

Before she left, Miss Florence whispered in her ear a secret.

"I think you'll find Doris ready to forgive, too. She wants to come back to us again if we really want her."

"But most of all," said Madge, as she left, "I'm glad that now I can be on good terms with Jesus again. I know that I can understand him better than ever before, for now I know what it means to forgive."

The circle was complete as the Comrades of the Quest made their way into the Communion service the next Sunday morning.

Jack, seated with Mr. Rogers, found his heart reëchoing the words of the responsive service chosen for that morning:

"Seek ye Jehovah while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto Jehovah, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Jehovah. . . .
If thou, Jehovah, shouldest mark iniquities,
O Lord, who could stand?
But there is forgiveness with thee."

"Blessed is he whose trangression is forgiven,
Whose sin is covered."

As the familiar words of the Communion service were read Doris looked at Madge and Madge smiled back her forgiveness.

It was a sacred moment as they took the bread and wine together. In Madge's heart there was this earnest prayer:

"Our Father, our Friend, our Saviour, we thank thee for the forgiveness of sins; we thank thee for the new spirit of forgiveness thou hast put into our hearts to-day. Keep us ever in friendship with each other and with thee. Amen."

Our Part

1. Read Psalm 32. This will express something of the feeling of joy which was in the psalmist's heart over sins forgiven.

2. Read through thoughtfully the story of the trial and the crucifixion of Jesus, Luke 22:54 to 23:38. Make a list of the cruel things done to Jesus which he forgave. Do you think anyone ever had more to forgive than Jesus had?

3. What other examples of forgiveness can you find in the Bible? in other literature?

LESSON XXVII

LOST BROTHERS AND SISTERS

On the next Sunday morning the superintendent of the department brought a new girl to Miss Florence. "Here is a new member for your class," the girls heard him say. "Vara has recently come to this country. I am sure your girls will help to make her feel at home in this church and Sunday School."

The girls glanced at the stranger. They saw that she wore queer, foreign-looking clothes. Her hair was black and her complexion olive. When she spoke it was in broken English. The girls looked at each other with consternation which they could scarcely conceal. Should they accept this newcomer into their friendship circle?

That morning Mr. Rogers told the following story to the department:

[5] The Family Portrait

"Every room in the house was full of bustling preparation. For to-day the son was to leave home to make his way in the world. His name was Theodore, which means, 'Gift of God.' His parents had given him this name when he was a little baby because they were so happy to have him. And now the parting time had come.

"Before the farewells were spoken, his father took him aside, and, drawing a thin package from his pocket, said, 'Theodore, you have a brother whom you have never seen. His happiness and yours depends upon your finding each other. Here is an ancient family portrait that shows the features characteristic of our line. By this you shall know which of all the men you meet is your brother. Do not look at it now; put it in your pocket. But as you move among men study it frequently.'

"That night Theodore, alone and away from home, opened the little

[5] By George Albert Coe, in Hartshorne's "Manual for Training in Worship." Scribners, 1915. Used by permission.

package in order to look at the family portrait that he had never seen. 'Ha,' he said, 'this is not a portrait; this is only a mirror. The face I see is my own. This is strange. But I can use this mirror to comb my hair by and to adjust my neckties.'

"So it was day after day. In the ancient portrait Theodore saw only his own face, and he nearly forgot that he had a brother whose happiness as well as his own depended upon their finding each other.

"But what Theodore took to be only a mirror was destined to bring him strange experiences. First he began to notice that whenever he had particularly enjoyed the companionship of a friend the supposed mirror gave back, momentarily, the friend's features as well as Theodore's own. The oddest thing about it was that the one face had in it the look of two men at the same time, his own look and his friend's look.

"One day when Theodore was canoeing on the river, his canoe capsized and he was in danger of drowning. A gentleman upon the shore, an entire stranger, leaped into the water and saved his life. In the excitement and confusion, before he could collect himself sufficiently to frame thankful words, the gentleman slipped away and disappeared. No one knew his name or whence he had come or whither he had gone. That evening when Theodore looked into the family portrait, 'Ha!' said he, 'here is the portrait of my rescuer. His features and mine are both here in a single face. Surely he must be my brother. But he is gone; we have not found each other.'

"Theodore's occupation took him, on another day, to the most neglected quarter of the town. A bleak November wind claimed possession of the street. Bareheaded women in thin shawls hurried past him. Half-clad, half-fed children played feebly on the pavement. A drunken man staggered among the children and struck one of them—his own daughter. In one of the tenements Theodore saw a haggard woman dying, inch by inch, of tuberculosis. He had been delicately reared; such sights he had never seen; he drew back from them. But he could not escape them, for some way they got into the family portrait. Theodore still saw his own face there, but in his very own features he beheld the pinch of hunger, the misery of sickness, the despair of sin. 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'all the wretched creatures I have seen this day are there in my own face!'

"Then something still more startling happened. A quarrel arose. At first there was only a misunderstanding. But the misunderstanding led to scornful words; scornful words led to threats; and threats ended in blows. Blinded by his anger Theodore struck with all his might, and his adversary fell, bruised and bleeding. That evening, proud of his victory, Theodore looked at the family portrait, and, lo, the wound that he had inflicted upon his adversary was upon his own face.

"Then came war. He enlisted, went to the front, and fought valiantly in the trenches. Here the ancient portrait, which he carried with him wherever he went, became a sort of companion to him. For now he could see the features of his whole regiment in the one countenance that he called his own. Day after day, as he studied the portrait, he saw the regiment in himself and himself in the regiment. Day after day he said, 'Every man in the regiment is my brother.' Thus the portrait comforted him in his privations; and it helped him to fight.

"But one day, even as he was examining the ancient portrait, a change began to come over it. A look appeared that he had never seen there before. It was as if a thousand repulsive, malicious faces flitted through it all in an instant. 'What can this mean?' he was starting to say, when suddenly an order came to advance upon the enemy. Once more the battle roared; once more Theodore was fighting shoulder to shoulder with men of his regiment—every one his brother. Round him men were bleeding and dying, every one his brother, and there in front was the enemy, the enemy. One consuming passion took hold of him—to kill, to kill, to kill. The fighting came to close quarters; firing gave way to bayonet charges; and Theodore found himself in man-to-man conflict with one of the hated enemy. In an instant each had wounded the other, and each fell bleeding but not dying. There the two foemen lay, side by side, through the long night of agony.

"As day was dawning, church bells in a distant village began to chime. Theodore listened. 'They are ringing a Christmas carol,' said he.

'"To God on high all glory be
For peace shall be on earth."

'I used to sing that carol when I was a child. I had forgotten all about it.'

"Back flew his thoughts to the old home—his happy childhood, the Christmas stockings, and then his father, saying, 'Theodore, you have a brother.'

"Said Theodore, 'The portrait, the portrait.' He drew it from his bosom and lo, it gave back the face of his own childhood, then the face of his mother, then his father, his friends, his unknown rescuer, his wretched neighbors, the acquaintance with whom he had quarreled, the members of his regiment, then—the foe who lay wounded by his side, then the whole army of the enemy, and at last a Babe in a manger. And somehow, in every one of them Theodore beheld his very own face.

"Then it came to him at last; Christmas had made it all clear. Theodore had found his brother at last.

"The bells in the distance were still ringing:

"'"To God on high all glory be,
For peace shall be on earth."'

When the story was finished Madge conquered her feelings enough to give the new girl a friendly glance and walked with her to their classroom, introducing her to the rest of the girls. "At least," she said to herself, "we can't let her know how we feel to have our circle broken into in this way."

Our Part

1. Who did Jesus say were his brothers and sisters? Mark 3:35.

2. Read Luke 15:11-32 for a story Jesus told about a son and brother who was lost. How did the father treat this son when he was found? How did the brother treat him?

3. What brothers and sisters did Theodore discover?

4. The following are unrecognized brothers and sisters which certain boys and girls meet almost every day:

a. In Elizabeth's block lives an Italian family. In this family is Tina, who attends Elizabeth's school. Elizabeth always tries to avoid meeting Tina on the street although Tina is a pretty little thing and tries to be friendly. Elizabeth keeps saying to herself, "They're only ignorant foreigners."

b. In Kate's home there is a Negro maid who is very ambitious for an education. She goes to night school several evenings a week and studies whenever she has a leisure moment to herself. Both Kate and Ralph, her brother, sometimes make fun of this maid's attempt to get an education. "She's only a nigger," says Ralph. "What does she want to go to school for?"

c. Just across the alley from Albert's house is a vacant lot, owned by a fussy old lady whom none of the boys like because she is always chasing them off the lot for making too much noise. When she chases them off they sometimes call back names at her, and hang around the alley playing and making as much noise as they can to plague her.

d. A new family moved into the ramshackle old tenant house next to Rosalyn's. They seemed shiftless and no-account people, all except the girl, Sallie, who tried to keep herself neat and clean. Sallie never mingled with the girls at school. She was so shy and so poorly dressed that she didn't make friends easily. She didn't go to Sunday School anywhere.

e. A new boy started to school in Bob's room the other day. He looked and acted like a greenhorn. The fellows had lots of fun teasing him at play period. He was a Swede and couldn't talk English, they discovered.

In what definite ways might these boys and girls have shown a spirit of friendliness toward these unrecognized brothers and sisters?

LESSON XXVIII

FRIENDLY COMRADES

The next Sunday before Sunday School began Doris, Jean, and Madge were in their classroom making plans for the party they were soon to have in Miss Florence' apartment. One question was in the minds of all the girls. Finally Jean expressed it when she said: "Do you think Vara would expect us to invite her to the party, too? She's so new in our country. She doesn't understand our ways. It might prove embarrassing for her. Besides, it will spoil all our fun to have a stranger there, won't it?"

The girls all agreed with her and Betty added: "We don't need to tell her anything about it. She won't ever need to know our class is having a party."

Just then Miss Florence entered the classroom and the girls settled down for their lesson.

"I like that story we had last Sunday about Theodore finding his brothers," said Doris, as they opened their Bibles to the Gospel of Mark.

"Yes, that was a good story," answered Miss Florence. "But Theodore was not the only one who found his brothers. That was Jesus' great joy, and his mission on earth, to find his long-lost brothers, children of the Father. He was constantly discovering some of the Father's great family who were in need of good cheer, healing, or guidance. The people of Galilee and Judea soon discovered his quiet friendliness and they came thronging to him, eager to receive his ready sympathy and to feel his touch of power. The poor, the outcast, the sick in mind and body, the sinful—all these gathered about Jesus in such crowds that sometimes his only means of escape was to be found in the little sailboat which carried him and his

helpers out on the Sea of Galilee for a few hours of rest. Then Jesus would return refreshed and ready to pour himself out again in loving ministry to those men and women who began to see in him, their Elder Brother, something of what God, the great loving Father, must be like."

"If we're really his friends I suppose we'll be discovering our brothers and sisters, too, as Theodore did," volunteered Frances, thinking of Vara.

"Yes," answered Miss Florence, "ever since Jesus' death, his friends and comrades have been discovering their brothers and sisters along the road of life. Some have even traveled to strange far-away lands to discover their Father's long-lost children. Then they have given their lives in friendly service to them, seeking to show them what the Father is really like. Others have found their brothers and sisters in unexpected places close at home. Would you like to see how many folks you can read about who have given their lives to discovering and helping their brothers and sisters all over the world?"

"Let's do it this week," said Doris enthusiastically, "and report next Sunday. "I can think of several right now. For instance, Jane Addams. She discovered hers among the Italians in the city of Chicago. I remember going to Hull House when I was there. I found it such an interesting place."

"Why not share this idea with the boys in the department, too? They heard the story last Sunday," suggested Frances.

So, during the closing moments of the assembly period Miss Florence shared the girls' idea with the boys in the department. They all agreed to search during the week for the stories of men and women who had discovered their brothers and sisters and rendered unique service for them.

As they discussed this idea together the plan grew. They finally decided to call the next Sunday "Find My Brother and Sister Sunday." Each one of the department was to look for his brothers and sisters and do what he could to show a spirit of friendliness toward them. Each was invited to bring to Sunday School some lonely, neglected person who might be

cheered by their friendliness and by the service which they would plan. A committee from the boys' and the girls' classes was appointed to prepare the program and another committee chosen to welcome the guests to the department.

Our Part

1. Search through the Gospel of Mark carefully, making a list of all the people whom Jesus helped in different ways. Tell how he helped each. Add to this list the following references: Luke 4:38, 39; 5:1-16; 23:39-43.

2. Look up something of the biography of each of the following to discover how each went about discovering his, or her, brothers and sisters, and how each helped to make life happier and better for others:

a. Grace Dodge.
b. Jacob Riis.
c. Florence Nightingale.
d. George Washington Carver.
e. Father Damien.
f. Herbert Hoover.

3. Some problems in friendliness:

a. One day Anne was out walking with Kathryn. The two girls met Rosalyn and Frieda. Anne spoke to the two other girls but they only snubbed her. She wondered at the time what the trouble was but later she discovered it was because she was walking with a girl they didn't care for. They said Kathryn didn't belong to their church. Anne told them that Kathryn had just moved to town and was going to church with her next Sunday.

What would you have done if you had been in Anne's place?

b. A Sunday School class is made up of two groups of girls, one older and one younger. The older girls are very snobbish and do not speak to the younger girls when they meet them on the street. There are only five of the younger girls and they have not been in this class very long, having been recently promoted from the Junior Department. One of these younger girls finally dropped out of the class. The teacher wanted to know the reason, so she asked the other four girls to stay a few minutes after class. They told her how the older girls acted. She spoke to the older girls but it didn't seem to do any good.

What would you do if you were one of these younger girls and felt you were not wanted in a Sunday School class?

c. Mary was giving a party. She invited to her party a girl whom the rest of the girls in her crowd did not like. The girls treated this guest very well until a rich girl who was invited arrived. She acted snobbishly

and soon got the other girls to make a fuss because this poor girl was invited. What would you have done if you had been in Mary's place?

d. Two girls in a certain class decided to have a sleighing party. They did not care to have all the girls in their class come so they gave special invitations to their friends. Two of the girls whom they had invited were walking to school with them one morning. They met another girl whose name was not on the list of those to be invited. But they forgot that she was not to be invited and began to talk about the sleigh ride in front of her until one of the girls remembered and nudged the other girl to keep still. The uninvited girl noticed that they had stopped talking and asked them if they were going to have a party. The girls told her they were thinking about it but hadn't quite decided. They finally invited her so as not to hurt her feelings. What would you have done if you had been in their place?

e. At camp one summer there was a girl who had come from a small town in Illinois. She didn't know very much about the different colleges, or anything outside her own home town, so the girls thought they would have some fun teasing her. They told her that Dartmouth was a reform school and that one of the girls at camp had come from Egypt. Finally when she really began to believe it all they got ashamed of themselves and quit their fun.

4. Would you like to carry out the project of having a "Find My Brother and Sister Sunday" in your department in Sunday School? Talk it over with your Sunday School teacher and departmental superintendent and the members of the department. Let different members prepare reports on the lives of some of the men and women suggested in this text, or others, who have lived lives overflowing with friendliness to others. Begin to discover your brothers and sisters among the people you meet every week and plan some special way of showing your friendliness toward them. Plan a program for this special Sunday. To this service invite lonely or neglected boys and girls who may be glad to share your fellowship in Sunday School.

5. Plan to make posters illustrating the friendly, Christlike service of those who are helping others in foreign lands.

LESSON XXIX

"THE ROAD OF THE LOVING HEART"

Both classes spent a good deal of extra time in the library during the week looking up material for their reports on the following Sunday morning.

"In the book of The Acts I found several stories of men who discovered their brothers," said Eugene as they entered their classroom.

"And so did I," chimed in Fred, adding, "Those Christians back in the early days were certainly keen about finding their brothers."

The boys turned in their Bibles to three stories found in Acts 8:26-40; 9:10-19; ch. 10. While they were reading Mr. Rogers stepped to the blackboard and wrote on it the following words, leaving blanks for the boys to fill in after they had finished reading the references:

Philip found his brother along.....
He was riding in.....
He was .....
Philip helped him by.....

Peter found his brother in.....
His brother was named.....
Peter helped him by.....

Ananias found his brother.....
His brother was called.....
Ananias helped him by.....

When the boys had discussed each story and had filled in each blank, Mr. Rogers told them the following story:

"One of the friends of the Apostle Paul in the city of Colossæ was a rich slave owner named Philemon. This man was converted to Christian-

ity under Paul's preaching. Philemon owned a slave, a worthless fellow, who one day decided to run away from his master and go to Rome. At that time Paul was also in Rome, a prisoner for the cause of Christ, but he was allowed to receive his friends in the house which he had hired. Chained to a Roman guard he still continued to preach the gospel to those who came to hear him. In some way Onesimus, the worthless slave, came under his influence and was converted. Then one day the test came to him. Should he return to his old master? Or should he remain with Paul, to whom he owed so much? He and Paul must have talked this over together long and earnestly. The result was that Onesimus took the long journey back to Colossæ, carrying with him a message from his new friend to his old master in which Paul pleaded the case of his 'child' in the gospel. This letter which Paul wrote to the slave owner in behalf of Onesimus is to be found in the Bible. It is the letter, or epistle, to Philemon."

"I never thought that little book of Philemon could have such an interesting history," said Jim, when they had finished reading it.

"He told Philemon to take Onesimus back and to treat him like a brother," said Roy. "I wonder what he really did about it."

"That was a queer discovery Philemon made, all right," said Bob, "to find that his slave was his brother. I wonder if our Chinese laundryman might prove to be a brother, too."

"Let's make a play out of that story for our program next Sunday," suggested Charles. "We'll make it a surprise for the girls. They're always having plays of one sort or another." The boys agreed to meet that afternoon to see about it.

In the meanwhile the girls were having an interesting class session also, giving their reports on friendly men and women.

"There was Edward Steiner," said Jean. "He found his brothers and sisters among the immigrants who come to our country. He had been an immigrant, too, so he understood what coming to a strange, new land meant. He knew what it meant to be obliged to learn a new language and to be imposed upon by dishonest Americans."

"What about Wilfred Grenfell in Labrador?" added

Betty. "I guess he found his brothers and sisters among those people who live way up north in the ice and the snow. At least he is spending his life there helping them."

"And Chinese Gordon found his in China and Africa," said Julia.

"Florence Nightingale found her brothers among the poor wounded soldiers whom she nursed back to life again during the Crimean War," said Frances. "They called her 'the lady with the lamp' because she would go in among the soldiers every night with a lamp in her hand to see if they needed anything."

"I guess Herbert Hoover was a big brother for all the children and starving people of Europe during the Great War when he got the people of America to help him by saving all the food they could for them. They'll never forget the way he saved them from starvation, will they?" added Doris proudly.

"I read a beautiful story this week," said Miss Florence when the girls were through with their reports. "It was about the poet and story-writer, Robert Louis Stevenson. He discovered his brothers in a queer out-of-the-way place on the island of Samoa in the South Seas. You know he never had good health and always suffered a great deal, so he traveled much in an effort to find some place where he might regain his health. He finally left his home in England and journeyed away to this island in the Pacific Ocean. There, on a plateau, he had a beautiful home built, called Vailima, and began his life in this lonely place. But he was not lonely; for he began to look about to discover his brothers. The native chiefs of the island were ignorant men, often imposed upon by the unscrupulous British officials and imprisoned by them for debt. He proved himself so neighborly to these chiefs when they were in prison that they said one day: 'This white man is our brother. He belongs to us. Let us call him Tusitala, our story-teller.' So great became their love for this cheery, kindly

neighbor of theirs that they sought to express this love in some way. They knew that he had been wanting a road connecting his home with the chief highway. So, day after day, they toiled in the heat of the glowing, tropical sun, cutting away the jungle, until finally there stretched through the forest a beautiful white road built by the labor of his Samoan friends and neighbors for Tusitala, their story-teller. At the cross-roads they put up a great archway. These were the words engraved upon it:

" 'Because of his kindness to us when we were sick and in prison, we have builded for Tusitala, our brother, this roadway which we have called, "The Road of the Loving Heart." Fame dies, honors perish, but loving-kindness is immortal.' "

Then Miss Florence added: "Those who love Jesus, the great Teacher and Comrade, are also building a road in the world, in loving memory of him, over which the needy and lonely and distressed and ignorant may travel to find him. It is a road built of loving deeds done in the name of Christ to those who are lonely, discouraged, burdened, and in need of help. We may call that road also 'The Road of the Loving Heart.' Each of us may have our share in building this road for the Comrade of our Quest."

That morning Jean led the class in prayer:

"Our Father, help us each day to remember the Road of the Loving Heart which we want to help to build for Jesus, our Comrade. Help us to extend this road a bit this week by the kind deeds we do for those around us and by the kindly words we speak to those who need a bit of cheer. Amen."

Our Part

1. Plan this week to build a bit of this Road of the Loving Heart in the lives of some lonely or needy people you know.

2. The following is the way one group of boys acted out the story of Philemon. Perhaps the boys of your class would like to include this play as a part of their program on Sunday.

Slave or Brother?

Characters: Philemon, rich slave owner and friend of Paul.
Paul, Christian missionary and prisoner at Rome.
Onesimus, runaway slave, later Paul's "child" in the gospel.
Roman Guard.
Christian Converts in Rome.

Scene I

In the courtyard of Philemon at Colossæ.

Onesimus, the slave, enters, sneaks about, steals whatever he can lay his hands upon.

Onesimus: I'm sick of life here. It's the life of a dog. I'll stay no longer. I'm off for Rome. Philemon will search in vain for me there.

He makes his exit through a door in the rear.

Scene II

In Paul's hired house at Rome.

Paul, chained to a Roman guard, is preaching the gospel to an audience which has gathered to hear him.

Paul: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved: for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be put to shame. For there is no distinction between Jew and Greek: for the same Lord is Lord of all, and is rich unto all that call upon him: for, Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

As Paul speaks the slave Onesimus enters, remains standing at the rear of the room, becomes interested, moves closer until he is near Paul. He looks eagerly into Paul's face, drinking in every word. Finally Paul dismisses the audience with a Pauline benediction.

Paul *(his hands raised in blessing):* "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

All the audience leaves but Onesimus. Paul looks into the face of the slave and lays his shackled hand upon his bent shoulders.

Onesimus: Is there any hope for a miserable wretch like me?

Paul: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life."

Paul and Onesimus kneel in prayer together.

PAUL: Lord Jesus, have mercy on this man; forgive his sins and make him a new creature.

Scene III

In Paul's hired house.

PAUL *(seated at a table writing, the guard beside him):* Onesimus, my son, wilt thou carry a message for me to Timothy?

ONESIMUS: Thou knowest that my only wish is to serve thee.

Onesimus looks troubled as he tries to decide whether to make his confession to Paul.

PAUL: What troubles thee, my son? Thou dost look sad this morning. Does not the joy of the Christ fill thy soul?

ONESIMUS: O father in the gospel, before I go on this errand I must tell thee something which troubles me sorely. It burdens me. I must confess all.

He pauses a moment. Paul urges him to speak.

I am but a good-for-nothing slave—the runaway slave of the rich Philemon of Colossæ am I. Worthless was I until Christ Jesus did make of me a new man. What shall I do? Shall I return to my master to become his slave once more? What shall I do, O friend and teacher?

PAUL *(remains with his head bowed for a moment in deep thought and prayer):* My son, thou dost belong with thy master, Philemon. Thou shouldest return to him. But wait, I will write a message to him, for he is my friend, also. Through me he came to know the Christ.

Paul reaches for his writing materials, dips his quill pen into the ink, and writes on a scroll the words of the Epistle to Philemon. He rolls it up and hands it to Onesimus.

PAUL: Farewell, my son.

They bid each other a fond farewell.

ONESIMUS: Farewell, O father in the gospel.

Scene IV

In Philemon's garden or courtyard.

PHILEMON *(walking up and down in his garden):* It has been many months since Paul was here preaching the riches of the gospel. I would that he might return to us to give us further instruction in the way of righteousness. (*Looks down the road*) Whom do I see coming? Can it be that good-for-nothing slave of mine, Onesimus, who ran away so many weeks ago? But why should he return when once he escaped?

ONESIMUS *(prostrating himself before his master):* The Apostle Paul sends this epistle to thee, O master.

PHILEMON *(receiving the letter, unrolling it and reading the entire epistle aloud to himself):* "Paul, a prisoner of Christ Jesus, and Timothy our brother, to Philemon our beloved and fellow-worker. . . ."

When Philemon completes the reading of the letter he pauses a moment in deep thought. Then finally he lays his hand on the shoulder of the prostrate slave.

PHILEMON: "No longer as a servant, but . . . a brother beloved." I forgive thee, and receive thee as a brother, for love's sake.

(You may think of other ways in which to dramatize this story. Perhaps you may think that Philemon would not so readily forgive! If you are interested, work out a story play of your own.)

LESSON XXX

A THRILLING DISCOVERY

The boys and girls of the Intermediate Department of Trinity Church found the week that followed one of the most interesting weeks of their lives. There were all the plans for the "Find My Brother and Sister" program to be made. The boys were busily engaged in practicing secretly the play they were going to give for a surprise. But the most interesting part of all their plans was the finding of their brothers and sisters.

These were some of the discoveries they made:

Frances found her sister on Monday afternoon when she was out roller skating on the sidewalk near the library. A poor, homely orphan girl passed along the walk. At first Frances didn't pay any attention to her, but then she remembered whom she was looking for and said, "Hello," very pleasantly, stopping to chat with her awhile. She discovered that this poor girl was very lonely indeed, so she invited her as her guest in Sunday School the next Sunday.

Bob found his brother on Tuesday when the other fellows were teasing the new "guy" at school who couldn't talk much English. Bob smiled a friendly smile at him. That was a language they could both understand, so they became good friends. Later the new boy told Bob, in very broken English, about his home across the sea. This made Bob's geography lesson much more interesting. The new boy was Bob's guest in the department the next Sunday morning.

Rosalyn plucked up courage to call on her neighbors in the ramshackle tenant house. She found that the poor mother was sick and also the tiny baby. Sallie was doing her best to keep house and take care of them. Her face fairly shone with joy

over Rosalyn's friendliness, and especially when she invited her to go to Sunday School with her.

But the most wonderful surprise of all came to the girls on Wednesday night in Miss Florence' apartment, where they were having their party. It had been very difficult for the girls to decide what to do about Vara. But they had finally decided that the only friendly thing to do was to invite her to share their good times with them. That night the discovery was made as they sat talking together.

"I should just love to go to Galilee where Jesus lived," said Jean. "Then the stories from the Bible would seem so much more real."

"When I get through school and earn some money of my own, that's exactly what I'm going to do," announced Madge in her most decisive manner. "I'm going to take a trip to Palestine, and visit the Sea of Galilee and Bethlehem and Jerusalem and all the other places we read about in Sunday School. I can just imagine how wonderful it will all be."

Then it was that Vara spoke up timidly. "Oh, it is!" she said. "I love your great, big, friendly country of America with your friendly churches and schools. But how I should love to go back home again to Nazareth, and to all the other dear, familiar places!" Her eyes glowed as she spoke and her lips trembled.

The girls looked at each other with wonder growing in their faces. "Do you mean to tell us that you lived in the land where Jesus lived, before you came to America?" they exclaimed breathlessly.

Vara nodded her reply. "It was in a mission school in Sidon that I learned to know about Jesus," she said.

"Oh, please, please, tell us all about it," they cried in a chorus, and Jean added, "It seems to me that it must be the most wonderful thing in the world to live where Jesus lived. What is it all like?"

The girls gathered closer and closer as Vara began to tell them of her native country. Their eyes grew bigger and

bigger. Vara forgot her timidity as she told them of her childhood home; of household customs there; of shepherd customs; of watching the fishermen at work, casting their nets into the Sea of Galilee.

Then she told them very simply of the persecutions by the Turks, of the murder of her father and mother, and of her escape to the mission school. "They might have saved their lives if they had been willing to become Mohammedans," she said, with tears in her eyes, "but I'm glad they remained true to our Jesus. When the gentleman was telling the story last Sunday I thought of those cruel men who killed my father and mother. I wondered if they were my long-lost brothers who had not yet found the Jesus way of living."

That night, as the girls enlarged their friendship circle to take Vara in, Miss Florence thanked her for her story. "You have made our Friend, Jesus, very real to us to-night," she said. "Would you be willing to tell us something about your land in our department Sunday morning?"

* * *

The next Sunday morning the Intermediate Department was filled to overflowing even before the service began. Bob and the new boy at school were there sitting together. Rosalyn had brought Sallie. Frances had brought the girl from the orphanage. Edward had found a wheel chair in which he could bring the little lame boy who lived near his home. Anne had with her Kathryn, who had just moved to the city. And Albert entered, grinning sheepishly, as he escorted the fussy old lady whom he and the other boys had so delighted to tease. She was given a seat of honor among the guests of the morning.

The boys' play, "Slave or Brother?" proved a great success. Several members of the department gave interesting reports on the lives and friendly service of Wilfred Grenfell, Grace Dodge, Edward Steiner, Jane Addams, and others. Tony, an

Italian boy whose father kept a fruit stand in town, played a violin solo from one of the Italian composers.

But the climax of the whole service came when Vara told, very simply but graphically, of her childhood days in Nazareth. As she spoke, the Christ, their Comrade and hers, became very real to them all. They sang that morning for their closing hymn:

[6] "In Christ there is no East or West,
In him no South or North;
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole wide earth.

"In him shall true hearts everywhere
Their high communion find,
His service is the golden cord
Close binding all mankind.

"Join hands then, brothers of the faith,
Whate'er your race may be.
Who serves my Father as a son
Is surely kin to me.

"In Christ now meet both East and West,
In him meet South and North;
All Christly souls are one in him
Throughout the whole wide earth."

This was their closing prayer:

"Our Father, we thank thee for thy children throughout the world, of every nation, race, and color. May love for thee and for Jesus, our Elder Brother, draw us all together, from East, West, North, and South, until the angels' message and Christ's dream for the world shall be fulfilled and there is peace on earth and good will toward men. And to thee shall be all the glory. Amen."

Our Part

1. Plan a service of worship appropriate for such an occasion as this program on world brotherhood. What Scripture passage would you select to read? What hymns would you choose?

[6] In "The Church Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 314.

2. Plan some project by which your class may show a friendly spirit toward the boys and girls of some far distant land, such as China, India, Africa, or Syria. The following suggestions may help you in making your plans:

a. Write friendly letters to the boys and girls in some mission school. These might be sent to some missionary you know, or to your Board of Foreign Missions.

b. Plan a Christmas box for a mission school supported by your church or denomination. Put into it things you think the boys and girls of this school would enjoy.

c. Write to the Board of National or Foreign Missions, asking for the name of a boy or a girl whom you might adopt for your own. Plan a Christmas for this boy or girl.

d. Make scrapbooks, showing American customs, scenes, clothes, ways of transportation, or school life.

e. Dress dolls for a mission school.

WORKING TOGETHER

LESSON XXXI

EXAMPLES OF COÖPERATIVE EFFORT

THERE was dissension and discord in the East End school. Saturday night the basketball team had played with the North-side team and had been defeated, 10 to 0. The girls were blaming the members of the team for poor playing; the boys on the team were blaming the girls for lack of support; and the players were blaming each other.

As the class in religious education entered the schoolroom the members were arguing vigorously:

"If only that old stiff had attended to his own business, we might have won the game," Carl was saying. "He doesn't know anything about basketball. I can't see how he ever came to be elected captain anyway. We might have won if it had not been for him. He walked around the floor as if he were on stilts."

"You're dead wrong about that," retorted Florence. "It was a clear case of better teamwork on the part of the other team. Everybody says so. Why, look at the way you 'hogged' all the good chances to star in the game. Why didn't you let some one else have a chance? Somebody might have made a basket or two if only you had let him!"

"That's all you know about it," answered Carl scornfully. "What else could you do with a 'green' fellow like Don as forward? George pulled out of the game at the last moment. He got sore at one of the other fellows and decided he would rather go on a trip with his father than play."

The members of the class subsided into silence as they took their places. Then each one discovered on the desk before him a little slip of paper on which was typewritten his class assignment for the day.

Jack found on his: "Describe to the class, as vividly as you can, the scene on the galley in the movie, 'Ben Hur.' " Jack had seen this picture only the week before. It was still clear in his mind. "That will not be hard to do," he thought.

Carl's slip read: "Tell the class about the Yale-Harvard boat race you saw last spring." Carl's eyes sparkled as he pictured again in his imagination the thrilling event he had witnessed. It would not be difficult to describe that.

On George's slip were the words: "Tell the class about the League baseball game your father took you to see last summer."

Florence found on hers: "Describe the symphony orchestra you heard play in Philadelphia last winter."

And on Mary's paper were the words: "Turn in your Bible to I Cor. 12:12 to 13:13 and read it to the class."

After the opening prayer Jack took his place in front of the class. He described to them the great boat, with all its display of power and wealth and pleasure on the upper deck, and underneath the long rows of wretched galley slaves, chained to their benches, bending their backs to the oars. The class could almost hear the steady dip, dip, of the oars and see them rising and falling together. He pictured the brutal slave master with his lash, which he laid across the bare back of any poor slave who could not or would not keep in perfect time with the rest. He made them see, among the others, Ben Hur, bending to his oar, but plotting escape and revenge when he might have the opportunity.

It was Carl's turn next. His eyes flashed as he pictured the crowds lining the banks of the river, with their gay pennants; the members of the Yale and Harvard crews in their boats, waiting for the signal to start; then the splash of the oars into the water; the rhythmic rise and fall of the oars together as the boats sped up the river, each man in perfect time with the man ahead of him; then the final victory.

George told the story of the League game so vividly that it seemed almost as if each member of the class were in the

grand stand, watching the ball pass from pitcher to catcher, or from first to second or third base, like clockwork, each man playing his own part, in perfect teamwork with all the rest of the players.

Next Florence told about the symphony orchestra. She described the conductor as he stood before the men, with baton lifted, every eye upon him. She described the musicians, each with his different instrument and his own particular part to play. Then she tried to describe the music. "It was just like heaven," she said, and added as she took her seat, "I wish our orchestra could learn to play like that."

After the four had finished Miss Johnson, their teacher, asked the following questions:

"In what ways was the rowing of the men on the galley unlike the rowing of the Yale crew?

"In what way was the working together of the men on the Yale crew different from the teamwork of the men on the League baseball team?"

"In what ways is the symphony orchestra an example of the way people need to work together to accomplish things in life?"

After the class had discussed these questions, she added: "Paul the apostle has given us one of the best examples of working together in a letter he wrote to the members of a church who were quarreling among themselves."

Then Mary read I Cor. 12:12 to 13:13.

When she had finished Florence turned to Carl with a grin. "Well, I'm glad my two hands and my mouth and my ears work together better than our basketball team did last Saturday night," she announced.

Carl retorted, "And better than that new orchestra of yours, too."

"Perhaps we'll have both of them working together better after a while when we discover some of our difficulties," said Miss Johnson quietly.

Before the class was dismissed Miss Johnson asked each one to write down for the next time a story of one occasion

when he worked with others, or tried to work with others, to accomplish something worth while. These accounts were to be brought to the next session of the class.

Our Part

1. Describe the scene on the galley in the picture "Ben Hur," if you have seen it.
2. Tell the class about some boat race you have seen. If you have not seen one, describe one you have read about.
3. Tell of some baseball or football game where there was good teamwork.
4. What games require the most real teamwork? Why?
5. Write out the story of some time when you tried to work with others in accomplishing something worth while. What difficulties did you meet? What was the final outcome?
6. Select two of your class who can play the piano and some other musical instrument together. Let these two be practicing so that they can play something for the closing lesson in this series.

LESSON XXXII

PROBLEMS IN WORKING TOGETHER

THE next day when the class met each member had on the desk before him his written assignment. These were a few of the stories which different members of the class gave:

"About a month ago we had a basketball game. All the fellows promised to come. When the game started one fellow was missing. We had to forfeit the game. Afterwards he told us that he had not come because he hadn't felt like it."

"At school we have a baseball team. Jane was chosen captain. She assigned the places for the others to take but none of the girls who were told to go out in the field would go. She told them that they couldn't be on the team unless they took the places she had given them. Still they wouldn't go. They told her they had as much right to play where they wanted to as those she let play on the bases."

"We tried to have a baseball team and we started off working together. We played five games. Then some of the boys who were poor pitchers wanted to pitch, so the team broke up. Then we tried to get up a football team but everybody fussed and tried to boss, so that team broke up, too."

"When the skaters at our school wanted an ice pond, the physical director said we could have one if the boys of the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades would put up a bank around the athletic field to hold the water in. He said we must do it without any urging from him. There were about twenty boys who did their part but they were not enough to finish the bank. So we organized a party to dig. I was told to be one of the two managers of the work. About the same twenty boys turned out as before and we finished the job. The next day a boy came and told me that the physical director had sent him to me to ask whether or not he might skate on the pond if he had done no work. His excuse for not helping was that he had had to go to the Y. M. C. A. I decided that he could stay off the pond and keep on going to the Y. M. C. A. until he had helped on the pond in some way."

"One day last summer a bunch of us planned to dig a cave about six feet deep and eight feet wide. We planned to use it for a clubhouse. About eleven thirty we had some of the boys go home early to eat dinner so that they could come back and work while the rest of us ate. They stayed so long, however, that we got discouraged waiting and said it was not fair, so we did not work any more until they came back. Then we went to eat dinner. We dug only about two and a half feet. Then everybody got tired and quit. Some said they had to go to town; some said they had to help their mothers; one boy said he was going to a show. Late in the afternoon I went over, expecting to find the others at work, but, to my surprise, they were all playing. The cave was never finished and the job of filling up the hole was left for me."

"About a year ago I was staying with my grandmother out in the country. The church near by did not have any Sunday School so we tried to organize one. We got it started all right but later on everybody wanted to do something different. Whenever we tried to start something new one family in particular always objected. They always wanted to be the ones to think up new things."

After the class had discussed these problems for a time Miss Johnson asked the question: "What are some of the places where we can work in coöperation with others?"

"At home," said Florence, "getting meals and washing dishes."

"In our class at school," added Grace, "preparing plays and programs."

"We had a good chance when we built our Boy Scout cabin," said Roy.

"In Girl Scout troop, we have plenty of chances, too," quickly added Mary.

"In our Sunday School class when we plan our Thanksgiving dinner for a poor family," said Josephine.

"What about basketball and orchestra?" asked Jack.

"What are some of the ways in which we fail to coöperate when we are trying to work together?" Miss Johnson continued.

"Monkeying around instead of attending to business," said Carl promptly.

"Not attending meetings," added Jack, who was thinking of the Sunday School class meetings he had failed to attend.

"Not paying attention to directions from the captain," said George.

"Let's put these on the board," suggested Miss Johnson.

Other reasons were added, among them being the following:

"Knocking, instead of boosting."
"Insisting on one's own way always."

Next, Miss Johnson asked, "What are some of the reasons why people fail to coöperate when they play or work together?"

These were some of the answers given:

"Their feelings are hurt about something."
"They feel that they haven't been treated fairly."
"They're just lazy, that's all."
"Some forget what they are supposed to do."
"Sometimes the leader is too bossy."

That day at the close of the class hour Miss Johnson suggested that at the next class session each should report on some achievements in American life which have been accomplished through coöperative effort.

"Just figure out, too," she said in conclusion, "how many people had a share in working together to prepare your morning breakfast for you. Then I am sure you will agree with Paul when he wrote, 'None of us liveth to himself.' "

As they were leaving class that day Carl suggested to Florence: "Let's do something to prove to Miss Johnson that we can work together in Week Day Church School class, at least, without fussing and without shirking. Do you suppose she would let us plan a program for next week?"

"We can ask her, at any rate," replied Florence.

The result was that permission was granted and the class, under Florence's and Carl's leadership, began to plan a program for the last Thursday of the month.

Our Part

1. Add others to the list of ways in which boys and girls fail to coöperate. This list has been left incomplete purposely so that you may complete it.

2. Add, also, to the list of reasons why boys and girls fail to coöperate, drawing from your own personal experience.

3. In what ways did the following boys and girls fail to coöperate? What seem to have been the reasons for their failure?

a. The Camp Fire girls were having a dinner one night. Mildred and Jane were getting it. When it came time to do the dishes only two girls offered to help. Mildred kept making excuses and so wasted a great deal of time instead of helping Jane with them. When it came to the pots and kettles Mildred and the other girls went to change their Camp Fire gowns and left Jane to wash all the rest with only one girl to wipe them. Jane worked until they were almost through. Then she was so very tired that she said she was going to stop and change her dress. But her guardian told her that she should finish and that it was not right for her to leave the dishes that way. One of the women who were present as guests noticed how tired Jane was so she and Jane's mother finished the dishes for them.

b. Section 11 at school was getting up a play. Mary had been selected by the auditorium teacher to get up the play and she had chosen Mae, her best friend, to help her. Helen was to arrange the program and announce the different numbers. One day when the class was practicing Helen came in and began to boss everybody around as though she had charge, changing the characters in the play and taking the names of any who wouldn't do as she said, to report them to the teacher. Under these conditions the practice for the play did not progress. Finally Mary told the teacher about Helen. This made Helen very angry. The result was that the teacher decided they should not give this play.

c. In a certain scout troop four boys were to be chosen to do some service. Three had been chosen already but the fourth had not. The boys wanted Raymond but Raymond refused. The meeting closed. The next day was Saturday. Some one called up Raymond, asking him to play for the scouts on the team. Raymond accepted. The next day the scout leader came to talk with him to try to persuade him to accept this other work. Raymond told him about his appointment to play basketball. But at the end of the argument the scout master won, so Raymond, at the last moment, called up the basketball captain and told him that he could not play because of another appointment.

4. Describe one coöperative achievement in America which has helped to make our country what it is to-day.

5. Begin to plan as a group for a program to be given in several weeks in which you will demonstrate your ability as a class to work together effectively.

LESSON XXXIII

BUILDING AMERICA TOGETHER

"Would you like to read to-day the story of how some people built a wall together?" asked Miss Johnson at the beginning of their next class hour.

"Many years ago the Jews were exiles in a distant country. Some of them had been given permission by the new king to return to their native land and city—or what was left of it, for it had been destroyed by their conquerors years before. One day a patriotic Hebrew who was still in exile received a message from his countrymen which made him very sorrowful. The message told him that the walls of his beloved city were still broken down and that the gates were burned with fire, leaving the city and its inhabitants defenseless. At once he prayed earnestly to God for help and began to plan what should be done. He went to Jerusalem and in fifty-two days, under his leadership, the people of Jerusalem had built up their walls once more."

"Perhaps we might get some suggestions from them on how to build underground clubhouses, and banks around athletic fields, and Boy Scout cabins," said Jack.

"And how to build winning basketball teams," added Florence.

"And orchestras," commented Carl.

"Let us see how many secrets of real success in working together we can find in this story," said Miss Johnson. "The story is found in Neh., chs. 1 to 6. We'll each read it through silently first, and then we'll make a list of our suggestions on the board."

Miss Johnson wrote the words:

Secrets of coöperation which Nehemiah and his band of workers can teach us:

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.

"They had a leader who knew what he was about," said George.

"And every man had his own particular part to do," added Jack. "It says they worked, 'every one over against his own house.' "

Many other suggestions were given.

When the class had completed the list and discussed the story thoroughly, Miss Johnson called for reports from the members of the class of illustrations of coöperative efforts and achievements in American life. Carl was the first to raise his hand:

"I can tell you of one time when it was good for men to pull together. That was back in the early pioneer days of our country, when the settlers were pressing forward in their covered wagons with their families and household goods to find new homes in the western territories. They used to go in companies, if possible, for fear of the Indians. Then, when they came to a stream they couldn't ford, the men of the company would all work together to chop down trees and make a bridge. That would have been a rather difficult accomplishment for one man alone."

George was the one to report next: "What about the soldiers in the wars our country has fought?" he said. "I guess they

found that they had to do things together, too. What would one poor lone soldier have done if he had had to fight an army alone? Instead, they enlisted, went to camp, and learned how to work and fight and march together. I just love to watch a regiment of soldiers swing down the street, keeping step to the music."

"Men work together in the big harvest fields out west," said Florence.

"They work together tunneling the mountains for the big railroads that span our country from coast to coast," said Mary.

"And to build the great skyscrapers in our cities," added Josephine.

"They certainly work together in the great manufacturing plants all over our country," was Ray's contribution. "It would take a long time for one man to make an automobile. But think how many Mr. Ford and his helpers turn out every week!"

"Perhaps Katharine Lee Bates had in her mind the great army of pioneers, soldiers, builders, and industrial workers who have helped to make America what it is to-day when she wrote the song, 'O Beautiful for Spacious Skies,' " said Miss Johnson. Then they sang together the first three stanzas:

[1] "O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

"O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!

[1] In "The Church Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 297.

America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

"O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!"

Before they sang the last stanza Miss Johnson said:

"But there were others of whom the author of this hymn wrote. She was thinking of those patriots and statesmen who see the broken-down walls in our American life which leave our country defenseless before the enemy. She was thinking of those Christian patriots who look far into the future and dream dreams of an America whose fair cities shall rise 'undimmed by human tears' because all men have learned to put away social injustice and to work together peacefully as brothers, for the good of all.

"Many years before Christ came, with his message of peace and good will to all, there lived a prophet who had a vision of the world at peace. The heart of his message you will find in Micah 4:1-5. Jesus also dreamed of a Kingdom in which all men shall love the Father and work and play together as brothers. He lived and died to make this dream come true. And, through all the ages since, there have been many who have dreamed his dream and have sought to bring it to pass. We can help to make this dream come true by learning to work and play together in peace and harmony every day."

The class sang the last stanza very thoughtfully:

"O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears!

America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!"

"I'd like to make our city that kind of city, when I grow to be a man," said Jack, as they were leaving the class.

"Well, you don't need to wait until then," said George. "How about beginning to make our school that kind of school?"

"And our team that kind of team?" added Florence mischievously, looking at Carl.

"And how about making that program we're planning for next week the best program we ever had, because we've learned how to work together?" said Carl in answer.

Our Part

1. Look up in history the story of the drawing up and the signing of the Federal Constitution. Discuss this as an example of coöperative spirit in our American life.

2. Find as many other illustrations as you can from history and current literature of other examples of successful coöperative effort.

3. What are three social wrongs in the life of our American cities which cause suffering and are a menace to the welfare of our country? Discuss how the application of the principles of brotherhood and good will would help to overcome these evils.

4. What is one way in which your class might help to make your city or community more like Jesus' ideal for it? Discuss plans by which you may coöperate in carrying out this project for the betterment of your community life.

LESSON XXXIV

BUILDING A WORLD OF BROTHERLY LOVE TOGETHER

THIS was the program which the class planned for the following week:

PRELUDE: "The Lost Chord" *(played by Florence on the piano, with violin accompaniment by Mary).*

RESPONSIVE SERVICE *(led by Jack):*

LEADER: "Oh magnify Jehovah with me,
And let us exalt his name together."

CLASS: "How good and how pleasant it is
For brethren to dwell together in unity!"

LEADER: "Shall two walk together, except they have agreed?"

CLASS: "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

LEADER: "For we are God's fellow-workers."

TALK *(by George):* "How We May Work Together to Make Our Country Better."

SONG *(by class):* "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies."

SCRIPTURE *(read by Carl):* "A Prophet's Dream of World Brotherhood." Micah 4:1-5.

STORY: "The Palace Made by Music" *(told by Miss Johnson, who had been asked to have ready a story about working together).*

[2] THE PALACE MADE BY MUSIC

"Many hundred years ago there was a kingdom in a distant country, ruled by a good king who was known everywhere to be rich, powerful, and great. But, although the capital was a large and beautiful city, and the king was surrounded by nobles and princes almost as rich and powerful as he, there was one very strange thing noticed by everyone who came into the kingdom: the king had no palace. He lived in a plain house, near the edge of the city, not half so large or fine-looking

[2] From "Why the Chimes Rang and Other Stories." Copyright, 1908. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

as many of those belonging to his subjects. And he had lived there for a good many years.

"Of course there was a reason why the kingdom had no palace. It had not always been so. Years before, in the reign of the present king's father, there had stood in the midst of the capital city perhaps the most beautiful palace in the world. It was a very old building, so old that no one knew when it had been built; and it was so large that, although people often tried to count the number of rooms that it contained, they always grew tired before they had finished. The walls were of white marble, with splendid columns on all four sides, and behind the columns, in spaces cut into the walls, were pictures in bright colors that people came from distant countries to see. No one knew who had built the palace, or painted the pictures on the walls; for it had been the treasure of the kings and the people of the kingdom for a longer time than their history told anything about.

"Then, when the present king was but a little child, the palace had been destroyed. On a festival day, when the royal family and the greater part of the citizens were marching in a procession outside the city, there had come a great earthquake. All over the kingdom the people heard the rumbling and felt the ground shaking around them, but they had no idea what a terrible thing had happened until they came to the city. Then they found that the earth had opened and swallowed up the palace in one great crash. Not so much as a single block of the marble remained. The crumbled earth fell into the opening, covering the ruins out of sight and leaving a great piece of ground like that in a desert, instead of the beautiful spot that had always been in the center of the city.

"Everyone felt thankful, first of all, that the king and all his family had been outside the building when the earthquake came, but, in spite of this, they could not help mourning deeply over the loss of the palace. The king himself was so saddened by it that he grew old much sooner than he would otherwise have done, and died not many years later. It seemed useless to try to build another palace that would satisfy those who had seen the splendors of the old one, and no one tried. When the young prince became a king, although he could not remember how the palace looked in which he had been born, yet he had heard so much of its beauty that he mourned over its loss as deeply as his father, and would not allow any of his nobles or counselors to propose such a thing as the building of a new palace. So he continued to live in the plain house near the outskirts of the city, never going near the great empty space in the center of the capital. And this was how he came to be the only king in the world without a palace.

"But, although everyone agreed that it was useless to try to build

a new palace in the way in which other buildings were made, there were always some who hoped for a new palace which should be no less splendid than the old. The reason for this was a strange legend that was written in the oldest book of the kingdom. This legend related that the beautiful palace had been made in a single day, not having been built at all but having been raised up by the sound of music. In those early days, it was said, there was music far more wonderful than any now known. Men had forgotten about it, little by little, as they grew more interested in other things. Indeed, everyone believed that there had been a time when by the sound of music men could tame wild beasts and make flowers bloom in desert places and move heavy stones and trees. But whether it was really true that the great palace had been made in this way—this was not so certain. There were some, however, who believed the legend with all their hearts, and they had hopes that a new palace might be made, as beautiful as the one destroyed by the earthquake. For, they said, what has been done can be done again. If it is really true that a great musician made the old palace, it may be that some day we shall find a musician who can make another.

"The musicians, of course, were especially interested in the old legend, and many a one of them made up his mind to try to equal the music of the earlier times. Often you might pass the edge of the waste place where the palace had stood, and see some musician playing there. He had, perhaps, been working for years on a tune which he hoped would be beautiful enough to raise a new palace from the ruins of the old. In those days men played on lyres or harps, or on flutes and pipes made of reeds that grew by the waterside; there were no organs, no orchestras, and no choirs. So the musicians came alone, one by one, and played their loveliest music, not minding that those who passed by often laughed at them for believing that anything would come of it; for they did not mind being laughed at when they had hope of such great glory as the maker of a palace would surely win. This went on year after year, until the young king grew to be almost as old as his father had been when he died, but no musician so great as those of earlier times had been found.

"Now there lived in the city a boy named Agathon, who wished to be a musician. He had played on the lyre ever since he was old enough to carry it, and there was no boy in the kingdom who could make sweeter music. Agathon had also a friend named Philo, who was as fond as he of playing on the lyre. They used often to talk together of the days when they should learn to play so well that they would dare to go, like the other musicians, to try to raise the palace.

"'I am sure it will be you who will finally do it,' Philo would say to Agathon.

"'No,' the other would answer, 'I will try, but by that time I am sure you will play a great deal better than I. And if it is one of us, we are such good friends that it will not matter which.'

"One day the two boys made a discovery. It happened that Agathon was playing on his lyre, when Philo, coming in to see him, heard the tune, and was so delighted with it that he cried, 'I must try to play it, too.' So he ran for his lyre, and presently began to play before Agathon had finished. He did not strike the same notes that Agathon did, but other notes a little lower in the scale; and instead of making discord the different notes sounded so sweetly together that both the boys looked up in surprise.

"'This is a new kind of music,' said Agathon, 'and I think it is better than when either you or I play alone.' So they tried to play a number of tunes in this way.

"When they had done this for a time they had another thought. 'If two different notes played together are more beautiful than one,' said Philo, 'why may not three be more beautiful than two?'

"'Sure enough!' said Agathon. 'And what is more, it may be that in this way people could make music as fine as that by which the palace was made.'

"Having once formed this idea, the two boys were eager that it should be tried. So they went at once to one of the chief musicians of the city, with whom they were acquainted, and told him what they had discovered by playing their two instruments together. Then they suggested that he should take a friend with him—or perhaps even two friends—to the place where the palace had stood, and try what could be done by the new music.

"The musician was interested in what they said but he shook his head.

"'It would be of no use,' he said. 'There is no musician who has not tried already, and it is foolish to think that two or three of us could play together better than we can separately. Besides, each of us wants the glory of making the new palace for himself, and if we did make it together no one would be satisfied.'

"'Would it not be enough,' asked Agathon, 'to have the pleasure of making it for the king, even if no one knew who had done it at all?'

"'No,' said the musician, 'if I do it I want to do it all by myself, and have the glory of it.' And when the boys spoke to other musicians they said very much the same things.

"But Agathon and Philo were not discouraged. First of all, they looked for still another player; and when they heard of a crippled boy who lived not far away, who was said to be very fond of music, they

asked him to join them. He was very much surprised when they told him that they wanted him to learn to play the lyre at the same time that they played theirs, and yet not to strike the same notes. But presently he learned to do it, striking notes a little lower in the scale than either Agathon or Philo, and when all three made music together, they were sure it was the most beautiful sound they had ever heard.

" 'Let us go and play at the place of the palace!' said Philo. 'It will do us no harm to try.'

"As the next day was a holiday, and they had planned nothing else to do, it was agreed. They rose very early in the morning, before any of the crowds of the city would be on the streets, took their lyres under their arms, and made their way toward the place of the old palace, helping the crippled boy as they walked.

"When they were near the palace, they met a sad-looking man coming away. He, too, was evidently a musician, for he had a lyre under his arm. But he seemed to be a stranger in the city, and the boys stopped to ask him why he was sad.

" 'I have come a long way,' he said, 'because I wanted to try the skill of my lyre with the musicians of your city, and see whether I could not prove myself as great a master as the one who made your lost palace. But I have tried, and have done no better than any of the rest.'

" 'Do not be sad about it, then,' said Agathon, 'but turn about and try once more with us. For you have a larger lyre, with heavy strings, and I have thought that if we could add to our three kinds of notes another still farther down the scale, the music would sound more beautiful than ever. Come with us, and listen when we play: then perhaps you will see how to join in and help us.'

"So the stranger turned about and went with the three boys to the place of the palace. Now the boys had supposed that, as it was so early in the morning, they would be the only ones there. But it happened that a great many musicians had felt, as they did, that the morning of the holiday would be a very good time to make another trial of their instruments and had also thought that by coming early they would not be interrupted by the crowds. So when the three boys and the stranger came to the street that looked into the place of the palace, they found it almost filled with musicians, some carrying lyres like themselves and some with harps or flutes or other instruments. It was all very quiet, however, since no one cared to try his skill at playing before all the rest; for every musician was jealous of the others.

"After they had looked about for a few minutes, and had seen why it was that so many were there and yet there was no music, Philo said:

"'Let us begin to play, Agathon. It can do no harm, and perhaps we can really show these musicians how much better music can be made by playing together than by each one playing for himself.'

"'Very well,' said Agathon, 'let us begin.'

"So they took up their lyres and began to play them together as they had learned to do; and presently, the stranger, whom they had brought with them, touched the strings of his lyre very softly, to see if he could find deep notes that would sound sweetly with those of the boys. It was not long before he did so. Then he began really to play with them, and the four lyres sounded in concert. It seemed to Agathon that he heard for the first time the music he had been dreaming of all his life.

"Now the other musicians who were standing by in silence listened with the greatest surprise, for they had never heard any music like this in all their lives. After a little time, one and another of them, seeing that it was possible to play at the same time with the others, took up his instrument and began to join in the tune the four were playing, for the tune itself was known to all of them, being the chief national song of the kingdom. So there spread from one musician to another the desire to take part in this strange new music, until hardly any were left who could keep from taking up their instruments and joining in one part or another of what the others were playing. And there went up a great mingled sound that swept over the whole part of the city where they stood, and seemed to fill all the air with music. Playing in this way, all the musicians together, it happened at last that, as they grew more and more joyful with the sound, they struck a great chord, so much more beautiful than anything they had ever heard before that they held it for a long time, not wishing to change this sound for any other, and looking at one another with eyes full of wonder and happiness.

"And as they did so there came into the volume of music the sound of great shouting, for men who had gathered into the streets to listen to the players were calling: 'Look, look! The palace! The palace! The palace!' And when all the people turned their eyes to the great empty space which had lain waste so long, they saw a wonderful sight. The earth was breaking away, almost as though another earthquake were pushing it, and out of the midst of it were rising great walls of white marble, that lifted themselves higher and higher, until there stood in the morning sunshine a new palace of as perfect beauty as men had ever dreamed of in the old one. All these years it had waited for that great chord of music to lift it out of the earth, and at last it had come.

"This, as I have heard the story, is the way men learned to make music together, instead of playing and singing each for himself. And this is the way the new palace was made for the king who had been so long without one. But no one quite knew who had done it, so the musicians forgot their jealousies of one another and all the people rejoiced together. And if there has not been another earthquake, I suppose the new palace must be standing still."

HYMN: "Forward Through the Ages"

[3] "Forward through the ages
In unbroken line,
Move the faithful spirits,
At the call divine;
Gifts in differing measures,
Hearts of one accord,
Manifold the service,
One the sure reward.

"Wider grows the Kingdom,
Reign of love and light;
For it we must labor
Till our faith is sight;
Prophets have proclaimed it,
Martyrs testified,
Poets sung its glory,
Heroes for it died.

"Not alone we conquer,
Not alone we fall;
In each loss or triumph
Lose or triumph all.
Bound by God's far purpose
In one living whole,
Move we on together
To the shining goal!

REFRAIN: "Forward through the ages
In unbroken line,
Move the faithful spirits
At the call divine."

[3] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 350.

CLOSING PRAYER *(by Florence):*

"Dear Father, help us to discover how to work and play together successfully, that we may thus prepare to do our part to build on this earth Christ's Kingdom of peace and brotherhood. Amen."

"Let's do something else together," said Jack after class. "This has been fun."

And so a committee was selected to discover something which they might do together for their school and community.

"I believe we can win that next basketball game," chuckled Carl, as they left the classroom. "At least, I believe we ought to do better teamwork."

"And I'll promise you right now that we girls will back you up all right," added Florence laughing.

Our Part

1. Plan a program on the subject of "Coöperation" or "Building the Kingdom" which you will carry out at some session of your class. Select hymns and Scripture which seem to you appropriate to the theme you have chosen. Select some one in the class to tell the story, "The Palace Made by Music."

2. What secrets have you discovered as you have studied these last four lessons which you think will help you to do your part in helping to build God's Kingdom on earth?

SECRETS OF CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP

THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

LESSON XXXV

PROBLEMS IN LEADERSHIP

ALFRED belonged to a Scout troop. But he wanted to go to a show one night with another boy. The show happened to come on the same night as the meeting of his troop. The meeting was to be a very important one, too. But Alfred said that his scout master was a good friend of his and wouldn't care much if he went to the show. Alfred was absent from the meeting that night and went to the show.

What secret of leadership was involved in this problem?

Vivian's church has been holding special services for several weeks. The pastor keeps urging all loyal members to give up every other evening engagement in order that they may attend the services regularly. But Vivian's class at school is to hold a very important business meeting on Thursday night. Vivian does not know whether to be loyal to her church or to her class at school.

What do you think she should do in this case?

Have the following problems ever perplexed you?

a. Shall I refuse to do what all the members of my crowd are doing when I believe they are doing wrong?

For example: Charles went skating over in the park with a bunch of boys. They were all smoking cigarettes. They offered him one, but he knew it was wrong for him to smoke.

b. Shall I speak out my mind before the crowd concerning something I believe is wrong?

For example: A certain village was voting on the question of Sunday movies. Jane was walking home from church with some friends who were discussing this issue. All the rest of the crowd were in favor of Sunday movies. One of the girls said to her scornfully, "I suppose you are too pious to go to a movie on Sunday, aren't you?" Should Jane have expressed her convictions and been laughed at by the crowd, or might she have kept silent with a clear conscience?

c. When I see a friend of mine doing wrong what shall I do about it?

(1) Accuse him in public? ( )
(2) Tell on him to the authorities? ( )
(3) Say nothing about it, but try to set him a good example? ( )
(4) Talk with him in private? Try to persuade him to do the right thing? ( )

For example: Ted was in town with a friend. They went into a Five and Ten Cent Store together. Ted noticed his friend go up to a counter and, when he thought no one was looking, put some articles from the counter into his pocket. By the time they left the store his friend's pockets were full of stolen articles. What should Ted have done about it?

This is what some boys and girls did in similar situations:

(1) Marie and Gladys went to the drug store together one day. While waiting for her prescription to be filled, Marie noticed a large barrel of chocolate peanuts. She took several handfuls, putting them into her pocket. When Gladys saw her do it, she told her she was sinning and stealing. Marie said it was none of her business. She said that, anyway, she would be forgiven. Marie walked out of the store very angry with Gladys, who had tried to help her.

(2) Grace had a similar experience with a friend whom she saw taking some post cards. She spoke out loud just as the druggist came up to wait on them, so that he might hear her, saying to her friend, "Put those back; they don't belong to you." Jane put them back but never entered that drug store again.

(3) One of the boys in Fred's club was always playing hooky from school. His mother didn't know it. Fred didn't know whether to tell the boy's mother or not. He finally told her.

(4) Once Dan saw a friend of his get some newspapers from a stand. Instead of putting down his money for them he took some money which was lying loose on the stand. When Dan saw him do this he talked with him and told him he had better put the money back. Dan's friend didn't feel like keeping the money after Dan had talked with him about it, but he didn't have the nerve to go and put it back alone. So Dan went with him and no one but the two of them ever knew what had happened.

(5) One day as the lines were marching out Sam noticed one boy who didn't salute the flag. Sam took this boy aside afterwards and explained to him how and why he should salute the colors. The boy seemed grateful to Sam for telling him. Since then he always salutes the flag in the proper way.

Hofmann

CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE

Which of these five do you think helped his friend most effectively? Which showed the greatest amount of real leadership in getting others to do the right?

Clarence happened to be assigned to a Sunday School class with boys who did not seem to have the proper bringing up. At least the boys cursed, smoked cigarettes, and didn't try to get anything good out of the lesson. Clarence didn't know what to do about this situation. He thought of the following plans:

(1) Go to the superintendent of the Sunday School and explain the situation to him. Ask him to change him to another class.

(2) Try to influence the boys to do differently.

(3) Continue in the class but have nothing whatever to do with the boys.

(4) Make friends with the boys; try to get into their crowd and to see things from their viewpoint.

Which of these plans do you think you would have chosen if you had been in Clarence's place? Why?

Our Part

1. Name one organization to which you owe your loyalty. What are five ways you may show your loyalty to this organization?

I owe my loyalty to.....

I may best show my loyalty by

a. .....

b. .....

c. .....

d. .....

e. .....

2. Think of one person who most commands your loyalty. In what ways may you show your loyalty to this person?

3. Tell of one experience you have had when you tried to help a friend, who was doing wrong, to do the right. What method did you use? Do you think you succeeded in helping this friend?

4. The following were some of the conclusions reached by the members of a certain class after a discussion of their problems in loyalty:

a. Loyalty to the leader of a club or organization is more important than loyalty to the club or organization itself.

b. One should always be loyal to those of his crowd, or gang, or clique no matter what they do or say.

c. In order to be loyal to a friend it is sometimes necessary to tell on him if he does wrong.

d. We should be loyal to our church first of all.

e. In order to be loyal to God and to the right it is sometimes necessary to speak out one's own convictions on moral and religious questions, even though ridiculed for holding "old-fashioned" ideas. With which of these conclusions do you agree? With which do you disagree? Why?

5. Who is your greatest hero or heroine? What do you especially admire about this person?

LESSON XXXVI

CHOOSING CHRISTIAN HEROES

As Miss Mary hurried along on her way to the church for her class in Week Day Church School, she happened to pass several of the eighth grade boys standing before a bill-board announcing a boxing bout between Jack Dempsey and another well-known pugilist. She caught a word or two of their conversation as she passed them with a smile and a nod.

"Some day I'd like to be as big a man as Jack Dempsey," she heard Dick say.

"Charlie Chaplin's the chap for me," retorted Frank.

* * * *

"How would you like to choose two new pictures to hang in our schoolroom?" asked Miss Mary when the class had assembled.

"Can we choose any pictures we like?" asked Tom.

"A good friend of ours has promised to buy them for us," replied Miss Mary. "He suggested that we might like to choose the pictures of some great heroes—one from the past and one from the present."

"They would need to be *real* heroes, wouldn't they, to be worthy of a place on either side of our picture of Christ," said Donald thoughtfully.

Miss Mary's eyes flashed a quick, appreciative response. "Shall we say, then, two great Christian heroes, of the past and the present?"

"How shall we choose?" asked Emily.

"Let's vote for them," suggested Edith.

"Yes, let's do it right away; I'll get pencils and paper," spoke out Frank impulsively.

"Oh, no," cried out the rest of the class in chorus, and Donald added: "We want a chance to think and study about this before we vote. We're choosing these pictures not only for our present class but for all the classes who will come here in the future."

"Would you like to spend this month studying something of the lives and the work of great heroes?" asked Miss Mary. "Then at the end of the month you might be better able to choose the two you consider greatest."

"How can a person tell a hero from just common, ordinary folks, I'd like to know?" asked Tom.

"Oh, that's easy," said Frank. "He must be loyal and brave and do something big in the world that no one has ever done before."

"I should think he would have to be loyal to something worth while in order to be truly great," said Ruth.

"And do something for the good of the world, not just to make a great name for himself," added Grace.

"He must be brave enough to stand alone for the right, if necessary," spoke out Tom.

"And most of all, he must have faith in God and follow the example and teachings of Jesus, if he is to be a great Christian hero," said Robert.

"We can, at least, begin making our lists to-day," suggested Miss Mary.

After Frank had passed pencils and paper, Miss Mary told each member of the class to write at the top of his paper:

Christian Heroes	Causes to Which They Were Loyal
1.	
2.	
3.	
4.	
5.	

"Just what do you mean by causes to which they were loyal?" asked Frank.

"Let us have an example," said Miss Mary. "That will explain it best. Ruth, what is one name you are going to write on your list?"

"Frances Willard," said Ruth promptly.

"To what cause did she devote most of her life?"

"Oh, I know; it was the cause of temperance," answered Ruth.

So Ruth wrote down on her paper at the top of her list:

1. Frances Willard. Temperance Cause.

"I should like more time to study over this," said Robert.

"You may take these lists home," said Miss Mary. "Perhaps after you think and read more you may even want to change some of the names you have chosen to-day."

As they left class Robert said, "I'm going to ask dad to help me with my list."

"Good idea," remarked Harold. "I guess I'll ask my dad, too."

"I'm going to look up some names in my history," said Dick.

"I've an interesting book on missionary heroes; I'll be sure to find some names there," was Frank's suggestion.

"I have a book of Bible heroes. That ought to help me," added Tom.

Our Part

1. A few years ago thousands of boys and girls from all over the world voted on the men and women whom they considered the greatest heroes. The following heroes were chosen:

Louis Pasteur	Johannes Gutenberg
Socrates	Joan of Arc
George Stephenson	Florence Nightingale
Woodrow Wilson	Christopher Columbus
George Washington	Benjamin Franklin
Abraham Lincoln	David Livingstone

Prepare to make a class report on one of these names telling what the person did of such importance that he should win a place on this honor

roll. To what cause was each of these most loyal? To what country does each belong?

2. Add to the list given above the name of one other hero whom you think deserves a place on this honor roll. Tell why you think so.

3. Select from the following list the name of one Bible hero. Tell the cause to which he was most loyal.

Moses	Daniel
Joshua	Gideon
Samuel	Deborah
Esther	David
Nehemiah	Paul

Tell one way in which each showed loyalty to his cause.

4. Name five important respects in which a real hero is different from ordinary folks.

LESSON XXXVII

HOW TO BE LOYAL

BEFORE the class met the next week many interesting hours had been spent in the library by the different members, searching through histories and biographies, under the guidance of the school librarian, who had become interested in their project. Robert had taken from the city library several books containing many fascinating stories of the heroic lives of patriotic statesmen and Christian leaders. Fathers and mothers had also been enlisted in the search for the greatest men and women of the past and present. But still each member was undecided as to the heroes he would choose.

That morning the class sang together:

[1] "Marching with the heroes, comrades of the strong,
Lift we hearts and voices as we march along;
O the joyful music all in chorus raise!
Theirs the song of triumph, ours the song of praise.

"Glory to the heroes, who in days of old
Trod the path of duty, faithful, wise, and bold,
For the right unflinching, strong the weak to save,
Warriors all and freemen, fighting for the slave.

"So we sing the story of the brave and true,
Till among the heroes we are heroes, too;
Loyal to our Captain like the men of yore,
Marching with the heroes onward, evermore.

REFRAIN: "Marching with the heroes, comrades of the strong,
Lift we hearts and voices as we march along."

[1] Words reprinted by permission of Adam Geibel Music Co., owners of the copyright. In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 213.

After the opening prayer Ralph passed to each one in the class a sheet of paper containing the following:

I owe my loyalty to.....
.....
.....

The best ways to show my loyalty are:

To talk a lot about it. ( )
To believe in the things the organization or cause stands for.( )
To do my full share of the work to help make it a success. ( )
To sacrifice other things for its good. ( )
To be present at all the meetings. ( )
Never to permit anyone to say anything mean against it. ( )
To fight those who oppose it. ( )
To live according to its ideals, standards, or laws. ( )
To be willing to let some one else have the more important place if that is for its best interests. ( )
Never to be ashamed to own up that I belong to it. ( )
Always to follow the leader. ( )
To guard its secrets. ( )
..... ( )
..... ( )
..... ( )

(Place a check mark in the parentheses after the five phrases which seem to you to give the best idea of how you may show your loyalty to the causes or organizations you have chosen. Add in the blank spaces any other ideas of ways to show loyalty.)

After each member of the class had filled in his blank as he was directed Miss Mary asked all to find in their Bibles the story of a loyal young Hebrew and his friends (found in Dan., chs. 1; 3; 6).

"To whom were Daniel and his three friends loyal most of all?" asked Miss Mary when they were through with their reading. "And in what ways did they show their loyalty?"

"I am sure Daniel would say they were loyal to Jehovah, their God, first of all," said Joyce. "And he was true also to his Hebrew home and what it stood for, even though he was so far away from it."

"He must have been loyal to the king, too," added Tom.

"For the king would never have chosen him for one of his chief counselors if he had not been."

"I imagine he found it difficult to be loyal to so many at the same time," said Robert. "I don't know what I should have done if I had been in his 'tight corner.' "

"Sometimes we get into tight corners, too, when we try to be loyal to so many people and organizations and clubs at one time," said Ruth. "There's home, and church, and our country, and Girl Scouts, and school, and our club. How can we ever do all the things they expect us to do?"

"It surely becomes very confusing sometimes," added Joyce.

"We can choose to be loyal to Christ and the Quest first of all," answered Miss Mary. "Then perhaps the rest will take care of themselves. At least then we shall know how best to show our loyalty to the others."

Then she added: "Some of the most loyal men who ever lived were those young Jews whom Jesus called to be his comrades. They devoted themselves to him and to his cause. But even these disciples had their loyalty tested to the very limit. Most of them remained steadfast almost to the very end. We are sorry that Peter wavered, denying Jesus in a moment of weakness. But we are glad that he returned later, renewing his allegiance and boldly witnessing for Christ in the face of persecution and martyrdom until he was led out to his death.

"One of these twelve disciples was lured away by the glitter of gold or by the ambition for power. To-day we think of this man, Judas Iscariot, as an example of rankest disloyalty.

"Jesus is still calling for loyal followers who will pledge their allegiance to him and to the cause for which he gave his life. He needs us all."

"I wonder if that is what it means to join the Church—pledging allegiance to Christ," thought Tom as he left the classroom. "If that is really what it means, I believe I'll join this Easter. At least I'll talk it over with our pastor."

Our Part

1. In what ways did Daniel and his three friends show their loyalty to their religion?

2. David and Jonathan were loyal friends. What problem in loyalty did Jonathan face because of their friendship? Read I Sam. 18:1-9; 19:1-7.

3. Write or tell of some problem in loyalty which you have faced recently.

4. Read the following passages to discover ways in which some of Jesus' disciples tried to show their loyalty to him: Mark 9:38, 39; 14:27-31; John 1:40-42; Acts 4:5-20.

LESSON XXXVIII

LOYAL TO CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

The next morning as Miss Mary was seated at her desk working she heard the sound of voices in argument on the playground:

"I dare you to do it," called out one jeering voice.

"You're a coward if you don't," said another.

Then she waited for the answer. Finally it came in Robert's clear but steady voice: "I *dare* not to."

* * * *

That morning the class marched into the room singing together "Marching with the Heroes." The two flag bearers stood erect in front of the class with the Christian and the United States flags. Miss Mary asked each one to name one hero who had proved his courage by defending the ideals for which the American flag stood. After each had named a great American patriot all sang together:

[2] "O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!"

Then they gave the pledge of allegiance to the American flag:

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

[2] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 297.

Miss Mary had a new song for them to learn that morning. This was the song they learned:

[3] "The Christian flag! Behold it,
And hail it with a song;
And let the voice of millions
The joyful strains prolong.
To every clime and nation,
We send it forth to-day,
God speed its glorious mission,
With earnest hearts we pray.

"The Christian flag! Unfurl it,
That all the world may see
The blood-stained cross of Jesus
Who died to make us free.
The Christian flag! Unfurl it,
And o'er and o'er again,
O may it bear the message
. 'Good will and peace to men.'

"The Christian flag! God bless it,
Now throw it to the breeze,
And may it wave triumphant,
O'er land and distant seas,
Till all the wide creation
Upon its folds shall gaze,
And all the world united
Our loving Saviour praise.

CHORUS: "The Christian flag! Behold it,
And hail it with a song!
And let the voice of millions
The joyful strains prolong."

—*Fannie J. Crosby.*

As they sang the words: "Now throw it to the breeze," Ralph, who was color bearer, unfurled the flag so that all might see more clearly the scarlet cross, the symbol of Christ's loyalty.

[3] The Moentita Girls' Song Book, No. 26. (Moentita Girls, Chicago, 1926.)

The class then sang together:

[4] "Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be his helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for him will go?"

There was a slight pause in the music. Then Miss Mary asked those who wished to pledge their allegiance to Christ to step forward, forming a semicircle about the Christian flag as they sang:

"By thy call of mercy,
By thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are thine."

As Miss Mary turned away from the piano to join with the class in their pledge of allegiance she saw that the circle was complete. Each one had stepped forward.

Together they pledged their allegiance with their hands upon their hearts:

"I pledge allegiance to the Christian flag and to the Saviour for whose Kingdom it stands: one brotherhood, uniting all mankind in service and love."

Together they prayed The Lord's Prayer.

Before the class was dismissed, Miss Mary said:

"We have given our pledge of allegiance to the Christian flag. But there is another and better way we may pledge our loyalty to Christ and to his Kingdom. We may join the great procession of men and women, boys and girls, of the past and the present who have followed Jesus and are following him in the Quest. We may join this army by becoming members of some branch of the Christian Church."

[4] In "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 185.

"It would be great some day to join that procession, wouldn't it?" said George as they were leaving the classroom.

"Well, why not join it now?" answered Tom. "I'm going to join this Easter. Our pastor says we do not have to wait until we are older and wiser so that we can understand all the doctrines. It's being loyal to the Captain that counts, and asking him to help you."

Our Part

1. Select one man from this list and find out some important thing he did to further the cause of the Kingdom of God:

Martin Luther	General William Booth
John Wesley	William Penn
John Calvin	John Knox
David Livingstone	Savonarola
William Carey	John Wycliffe
Sheldon Jackson	John Eliot

2. Would you like to show your loyalty to Christ and to his Church? Here are a few suggestions of ways in which you might do so:

a. Join the Church. ( )
b. Plan to attend the morning worship service regularly. ( )
c. Study your Sunday School lesson every week carefully. ( )
d. Take an active part in Young People's meeting. ( )
e. Bring to church and Sunday School some friend who does not attend any church. ( )
f. Be sure to bring your offering every Sunday. ( )
g. Remain quiet and reverent throughout the entire service of worship. Listen for God's voice speaking to your own heart, telling you what he wants you to do. ( )
h. Live out in your own life the spirit of Jesus. ( )
i. Bravely stand for the right, as you know it, before your classmates. ( )
j. Ask the pastor what else you can do to make the church more successful and then try your best to do as he says. ( )
k.
l.

(After studying this list of ways of showing your loyalty, decide on those you will try this week. Place a check mark in the ( ) after each of those you have decided upon. Underline each of these after you have really carried out your resolution.)

3. Select some hero in whom you are especially interested. Choose others to help you to prepare a dramatization of one heroic scene from this hero's life. If you have not already chosen a hero the following additional names may offer further suggestion to you:

Walter Reed (who fought the yellow fever in the Canal Zone).

Father Damien (who gave his life to help the lepers).

Ann Judson (who shared with her husband the dangers and hardships of missionary life among the people of Burma).

The book, "Heroes of the Faith," by Herbert Wright Gates (Scribners, 1923), will furnish many stories of heroic scenes from which you might choose one.

4. Read the following Scripture passages also for descriptions of heroic acts in the lives of Bible men and women:

Judg. 7:1-23; Num. 13:17 to 14:10; Josh. 14:6-15; Acts 4:13-31; Mark 3:1-6; John 18:1-11.

Describe the heroic moments recorded in any one of these passages.

LESSON XXXIX

HEROIC MOMENTS

The next morning after the members of the class had marched in, singing "Marching with the Heroes," and had had their service of worship, pledging their allegiance to the Christian and American flags, Miss Mary began:

"If you had the opportunity to catch step and really march along with any of these heroes about whom you have been singing, which would you most like to march with?"

A prompt reply came from every member of the class.

"Let us imagine," continued Miss Mary, "that you could look into the face of this hero or heroine and ask one question. What question would you most like to ask?"

"I should like to ask him," said Robert, "to tell me which situation in his life took the most courage."

"What do you think the answer of your hero would be to this question?" Miss Mary asked the class.

"George Washington would say, 'At Valley Forge,' I think," said Tom.

"Stephen would say, when he was facing the mob which was about to stone him," replied Ralph.

And the rest named courageous moments in the lives of their chosen heroes.

"Now let us imagine," continued Miss Mary, "that these heroes whom you have chosen for your partners should ask this question of you: 'What situation in your life requires the greatest amount of courage?' What would your answer be?"

Ralph passed out some slips of paper on which the following was written:

HEROIC MOMENTS

It takes courage:

1. To wear the kind of clothes mother wants me to wear when all the rest of the crowd are dressing differently. ( )
2. To keep from cheating in a game when all the rest are doing it. ( )
3. To be called a "sissy" and a "goody-goody" by the boys for going to church and Sunday School with mother every Sunday. ( )
4. To refuse to let a good friend of mine copy my work in examinations. ( )
5. Not to take a dare when the thing they are daring me to do is wrong. ( )
6. To own up to mother that I have done something wrong. ( )
7. To take part in Christian Endeavor meeting. ( )
8. To come out from the rest of the crowd, to be baptized, and to join the Church. ( )
9. To express my convictions before the crowd in questions of right and wrong. ( )
10. To apologize to a friend for a wrong I have done him. ( )
11. To keep from fighting when another fellow is trying to pick a fight with me. ( )
12. To stand up for an unpopular boy or girl when all the rest of the crowd are making fun and trying to pick on him or her. ( )
13. To keep quiet in the classroom when all the rest are in disorder and the teacher is out of the room. ( )
14. To stay away from home for a whole week with strangers when I have never been away that long before. ( )

(Place a check mark after any three of these situations which seem to you to require the most courage. Add to this list any other situations which occur to you.)

Many of the members of the class were ready to act out scenes from the lives of the heroes they had chosen. Ruth had selected the scene from the life of Queen Esther when she dared to stand before the king to petition him for the life of her people, Esth. 4:13 to 5:3.

Tom and Frank acted out the moment in the life of David Livingstone when he chose to return to the interior of Africa with the native men who had escorted him to the coast, rather than to board the ship and return to England.

Ralph had selected the moment when Moses appeared before Pharaoh to ask for the freedom of his enslaved people, Ex. 4:27 to 5:9.

Dick and George pictured a dramatic scene in the life of Martin Luther when he appeared at the Diet of Worms in answer to the pope's summons.

As each person or group dramatized one scene the rest of the class attempted to guess who the chosen hero was.

After several dramatizations had been given Miss Mary uncovered a picture which had been hanging on the wall. "The artist has pictured for us one of the bravest of all moments in the life of our Hero of heroes," she said. It was the picture of Christ in Gethsemane, by Hofmann. The class turned to the story in Luke 22:39-46 and read it silently and thoughtfully.

Before they were dismissed each one cast his vote for the heroes he had selected as being most worthy to have a place on each side of the Hero of heroes.

This was their closing prayer:

[5] "Father, hear the prayer we offer;
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously. Amen."

Our Part

1. Which five of the situations given on page 218 require the most courage for you to face?

2. Read the following verses from the Bible to discover some secrets of courage: Ps. 27:1-14; Josh. 1:9; II Tim. 1:7, 8. What were these secrets of courage?

3. Cast your vote for the two Christian heroes you think the class should have chosen. Why did you choose each?

4. Write a paper of not less than two hundred words on the subject: "Why I Chose.....as a Hero."

[5] In "Hymnal for American Youth," Hymn 194.

LESSON XL

FACING DIFFICULTIES BRAVELY

THE members of Miss Mary's religious education class could hardly wait until their next class session to learn what heroes had been chosen. But their curiosity was doomed to disappointment, for Miss Mary only said:

"That is a secret not to be disclosed until the pictures are unveiled next week. Only two people in the class know the secret and they have promised faithfully not to tell. These two are going to give us next week in our program something interesting about the lives of these heroes chosen."

Then Miss Mary told the class the following story:

*THE GOLDEN HORSE AND ITS RIDER

"Once upon a time, so I heard a great many years ago, there lived away off somewhere, a king and his people. They were a peaceful folk, but not very brave, and withal they were happy and contented, until a terrible sickness fell upon them. Many died, among them the king's son. At length the king was stricken with the terrible plague. He called to his side the most skillful physicians of the realm, but they could do him no good. He summoned the magicians, but they could give him no help. Then he sought the priests of the tribe. They built a great fire on the altar before the temple on the hillside and stood before it, and said strange things that you and I could not understand. The king knelt before the altar, lifted up his hands, and prayed to the Great Spirit that he would tell him how to regain his health.

When the king finished his prayer, the great column of smoke that rose straight from the altar bent over and pointed to the North, and a great voice out of the altar said,

"'A draft from the frozen fountain.'

"Then the smoke pointed to the East and the voice said,

"'The blue flower from the seaside.'

*From "The City That Never Was Reached," by Jay T. Stocking. Copyright by The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

"Then again the smoke pointed to the South and the same voice said solemnly,

" 'A white stone from the desert.'

"And the smoke rose straight up again and all was still.

"The chief priest told the king the meaning of it all. If one should get a draft from the frozen fountain in the North, some blue flowers from the seaside, and some of the magic rock from away to the South, the doctors could brew a healing drink for the king and he would surely recover.

"Then the king called a great assembly of the men of the tribe, and told them of the voice that came from the altar, and the words of the priest. 'Now,' said the king, 'who will go for me? The journey is long and hard and dangerous. To the man who is brave enough to go I will give a ring, and will put a golden chain around his neck and he shall be second ruler of the land. Whoever will go, let him now stand before the king.'

"For a time no one stirred, for, as I have said, they were not a brave people. Then the ranks opened and a young man, scarcely yet a man in body, slender, fair of face, with flaxen hair, pressed his way to the feet of the king.

" 'What is your name and what is your father's name?'

" 'My name is Olute, and my father is only one of the king's gardeners. I am of humble birth, but if there be no worthier, I will serve the king.'

"The king gave a command that his favorite horse should be made ready. The servant led it out—large, beautiful, and yellow as gold. With his own hands the king threw a royal cloak over the slender shoulders of the lad. For a moment the king's face was full of light as he thought of the healing brew; the next it clouded. The lad seemed too young for a journey so long and terrible. 'Go not, my lad,' he said. 'I fear you can never reach the frozen fountain. Let some one older go. Beware of the North Wind. It chills the marrow, it freezes the blood.'

"But Olute was undaunted:

" 'Let it chill my marrow and freeze my blood,
I fear not the wind—nor anything.
I on this noble horse of mine
Will face the North for love of the king.'

"And with that he touched his foot to the stirrup, swung into the saddle, and was off so quickly that he did not hear the king say, 'God bless thee, lad!' And the retreating hoof beats on the pavement—clickety clack, clickety clack, clickety clack; kut-tur-r-rup, kut-tur-r-rup, kut-tur-r-rup—seemed to say:

"'I will be back, I will be back, I will be back;
Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up.'

"The king was right. The North Wind blew fierce and cutting. It smote horse and rider in the face like a sword. It chilled the marrow and it seemed to freeze the blood. Yet Olute pressed on; not for a moment did he think of turning back. When at times he almost despaired of threading his way through the cold mountains and gaining the summit, he would whisper to the horse as he stroked his neck with his hands, quite numb, 'For love of the king, for love of the king!' and then new courage seemed to come.

"At length, one evening, after many a day, he passed the summit and spied a light, the torch which the old monk at the fountain kept burning to guide the chance traveler. The monk noted the king's horse and the royal cloak and gave the best of his store to horse and messenger.

"After a day of refreshment Olute filled his leather bottle at the frozen fountain and made ready his noble horse.

"'Whither do you ride, my lad?' asked the monk, unwilling to see him go.

"'The king is ill; I go to the East, to the seaside, to pluck the blue flower that will heal the king.'

"The monk tried in vain to dissuade him. 'Go not to the sea till the warmer days are come. The way is dangerous. Beware of the East Wind; it is full of snow and hail. The fierce blizzard will smother you. It will take your breath and blind your eyes.'

"But Olute could not be persuaded:

"'Let it take my breath and blind my eyes,
I fear not the storm—nor anything.
I, on this noble horse of mine
Will face the East for love of the king.'

"Then he touched his toe to the stirrup, swung into the saddle, and was off before the monk could give him his blessing, and the retreating hoof beats on the ice—crunchety crunch, crunchety crunch, crunchety crunch; kut-tur-r-rup, kut-tur-r-rup, kut-tur-r-rup—seemed to say:

"'At once, at once—at once, at once—at once, at once;
Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up.'

"The monk was right. Scarcely had Olute ridden beyond the good man's gaze when the fearful East Wind, full of snow and ice, the dreadful blizzard from the East, smote him and his horse full in the face. It took his breath and blinded his eyes. It seemed as if he must perish in the deep snows that filled the way. But over and over again, when the way seemed impossible, he would say, 'For love of the

king, for love of the king.' Then new strength seemed to come, and he pressed on until one day the wind blew softer and birds flew over his head, and he knew that the sea was near. Before night he came to the great lighthouse on the cliffs. When the keeper of the light saw the royal cloak he gave the best he had to horse and messenger.

"After a day of refreshment Olute filled his bosom with the blue flowers that he found among the crags along the coast and made ready his horse. The keeper of the light was unwilling to see him go.

" 'Whither do you ride?' he inquired.

" 'To the South,' said Olute. 'The king is ill. In the desert, so the priests say, there is a white stone that will bring him health. I must ride to fetch it.'

"The keeper warned him that he should not go. 'The hot wind is blowing from the desert. It is terrible. It will blister your cheek and parch your throat. You will never live to reach the land of the white stone. Do not go, my boy.'

"But Olute would not listen to the warning of the hot wind:

" 'Let it blister my cheek and parch my throat,
I fear not the heat—nor anything.
I on this noble horse of mine
Will face the South for love of the king.'

"And with that he touched his foot to the stirrup, swung into the saddle, and was off, while the light keeper breathed a prayer for him, and the hoof beats on the rock road—cheng-a cheng, cheng-a cheng, cheng-a cheng; kut-tur-r-rup, kut-tur-r-rup, kut-tur-r-rup—seemed to say:

" 'On again, on again, on again,
Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up.'

"It was a fearful journey to the South. The lighthouse keeper was right. The hot wind blistered his cheek and parched his throat. There was neither shelter nor shade from the scorching heat. Horse and rider were ready to faint many times. But when the heat became almost unbearable, Olute would whisper to himself, 'For love of the king, for love of the king!' and ride onward with new courage.

"At length, toward evening of a long and terrible day, Olute caught sight of something white on the horizon. It was the white cliff of the desert, from which he was to fetch the magic stone that he sought.

"There was no refuge or lighthouse near, where he might gain refreshment, but there was a great tree and some green grass where horse and rider could rest.

"Next day, with the precious stone in his bag, the blue flower in his bosom, and the draft from the frozen fountain in his leather bottle,

he mounted again and turned his faithful horse homeward toward the West. How refreshing was now the West Wind that blew in their faces! Had it not been for that, they might never have reached home again. The horse was weary and broken, and stumbled as he went, yet he ever rose again at a word from his rider. After many days they came within sight of the city walls.

"As Olute approached the city gate he heard the great bell of the temple and inquired of travelers what it meant.

"'Why, do you not know? The king is sick, is dying, may even now be dead. The bell summons all to prayer.'

"Without a word Olute put spurs to his horse. Up to the gates he dashed, past the guard to the door of the castle, where he dismounted and hastened to the king's bedside with the precious things that he had brought from the North, the East, and the South.

"After a time the great bell ceased. The next morning it began again, but this time it rang joyously, for the king was better. The strange medicine from far away brought the king back to health and the people were once more very happy.

"But it was long before Olute heard the good news. The fearful winds had done their work and Olute had nearly given his life for the king. For many days he lay sick of a burning fever, and often he seemed to be patting his horse on the neck and talking to him. But one day the fever left him, and he grew well again.

"Then the king called a great assembly of the people, and in the presence of them all he put upon the finger of the lad a great ring, hung about his neck a golden chain, and proclaimed him the second ruler of the land. Then said the king:

"'Your name is Olute. It will be changed. Henceforth we shall call you Res-olute, which means, The-Man-Who-Faces-the-Wind.'

"But all was not so well with the great horse. The journey was his last. The winds had taken his life. All was done for him that men were wise enough to do. The king was often seen to stand by him in the royal stable, and to put his arms affectionately around the great, proud neck. But he died, and went to the land where all good horses go.

"The king gave orders that his artists should make a statue of the horse, as like him in color and form as they could make it, and set it up in the great square. So the artists made a horse of gold for the king.

"When the day came on which it was to be set up on its great pillar the people gathered to see the sight. The workmen lifted it up and put it in its place, amid the shouts of the people. Then—would you believe it?—the wind changed from west to north and the golden horse

turned to face it, as the real horse had faced it for the king. The people were frightened; they thought he was alive. Some fled; some fell down and prayed. Little by little they lost their fear and came to believe that it was the spirit of the king's horse that was in the statue that made it turn and always face the wind. And by and by the people learned to come and look at the horse when they desired to know which way the wind was blowing and what the weather was to be."

When she was through there was a pause for a moment; then Miss Mary added quietly:

"Our King is sending forth his challenge to us to join with him in making this world Christian. This is the difficult task to which he summons courageous men and women, boys and girls. As Olute faced the winds for love of his king, shall we not resolutely face difficulties and hard tasks for the love which we have for our Christ, the King of kings?"

As the members of the class bowed their heads reverently for the closing prayer, each one was thinking of the difficult tasks he was willing to face "for love of the King."

"Let us all turn toward the North," suggested Miss Mary, "and think of one difficult task we have to do." Then she added, after a slight pause, "That is your 'draft from the frozen fountain.' "

"Now turn toward the East," said she, "and think of another difficulty you face. That will be your 'blue flower from the seaside.' "

"Turn southward now, and think of one more hard thing you must be willing to do if you are courageous followers of the Christ, for your 'white stone from the desert.' "

"Now, we'll turn westward, facing home again and our King."

This was the earnest prayer they prayed together:

"Father, may we always be willing and eager to face hardship, danger, and ridicule for the sake of our King. Help us in those difficult tasks of ours which we have promised to do because we love you. May we ever be courageous, loyal knights of the Quest, helping to make the world Christian. Amen."

Our Part

1. Read II Cor. 11:22-33 for a description of some of the hardships Paul, the missionary of the cross, faced. Read also Phil. 3:13, 14. In what ways was Paul like Olute?

2. Think of the three situations in your life which require the greatest courage to meet in the way Jesus would have you meet them. Imagine that you are Olute, facing East, North, and South "for love of the king" and ask God to help you to face these difficult tasks bravely for his sake who faced death on the cross for you.

3. Be ready to report at the next session of the class on one courageous act you have performed for love of your King.

LESSON XLI

UNVEILING THE PICTURES

The day for the unveiling of the pictures finally came. The two pictures had been hung in the classroom, one on either side of the picture of the Christ. They had been covered with velvet coverings so that no one except the teacher and two others in the class knew what heroes had finally been chosen. To the program for the day guests had been invited. The room was filled to overflowing.

Promptly at the hour set the stirring music of the hymn "Marching with the Heroes" was played and the class marched in singing, led by Ralph and Tom, carrying the American and the Christian banners. The two color bearers took their places in the front of the room facing the class, holding aloft their flags. As the members of the class took their places by the seats reserved for them, they began to sing together their favorite patriotic song, "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies." Then, each in turn stepped forward to name and do honor to one great American hero.

"I salute George Washington, father of our country," said Robert.

"I salute Abraham Lincoln, emancipator of the slaves," said Ruth.

When each had saluted some great American, they gave their pledge of allegiance to the flag:

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Tom then stepped forward, holding the Christian flag furled as the class sang together:

[7] "The Christian flag! Unfurl it,
That all the world may see,
The bloodstained cross of Jesus
Who died to make us free.
The Christian flag! Unfurl it,
And o'er and o'er again,
O may it bear the message,
'Good will and peace to men.'"

Again each member of the class stepped forward to do honor to the name of some worthy Christian hero. They sang together:

[8] "Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be his helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for him will go?"

As they sang in answer to the summons:

"By thy call of mercy,
By thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are thine,"

they formed a semicircle around the flag, giving their pledge of allegiance:

"I pledge allegiance to the Christian flag and to the Saviour for whose Kingdom it stands: one brotherhood, uniting all mankind in service and love."

Reverently they bowed their heads, praying together The Lord's Prayer. "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven," they prayed earnestly as each thought of the part he might take in the carrying out of Christ's program for the world.

[7] The Moentita Girls' Song Book, Hymn 26.
[8] From "The Church School Hymnal for Youth," Hymn 185.

The most thrilling of all moments had now come. Two members of the class, who had been especially appointed for the task, quietly took their places before the veiled pictures; one after the other they loosed the cords which held the coverings in place and drew them back, uncovering the portraits of the two chosen Christian heroes. There were many exclamations of approval and a few of disappointment as the faces of the chosen heroes came to view. What heroes do you think were the ones chosen?

Two members of the class, Joyce and George, in consultation with Miss Mary, had each prepared a short talk on the subject, "Why I Chose.....as a Hero." These talks were followed by an inspiring message from their much loved pastor, on "Jesus, the Hero of Heroes." When he had finished speaking each one in the room, more than ever before, longed to pledge to Christ his whole-hearted devotion.

[9] "True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by thy grace we will be;
Under the standard exalted and royal,
Strong in thy strength we will battle for thee,"

they sang eagerly and thoughtfully. As the pastor led them in their closing prayer there were few present who had not determined to be loyal, courageous followers of the Hero of all heroes, Jesus Christ the Lord.

Our Part

1. What secrets of true greatness did the members of Miss Mary's class discover through a study of the lives of some of their heroes?

2. What secrets of loyalty and courage have you discovered through your study of Christian heroes of all ages?

3. Plan a service in which your class will unveil the pictures of the two heroes you have chosen. It may be that your class might wish to buy these two pictures for your religious education classroom as a token of appreciation for what you have gained in your year's study together of problems of Christian living, and as a means of inspiration

[9] From "Alleluia," Hymn 170.

to those boys and girls who will come after you to study in this classroom.

If you prefer, the unveiling service might be held in your church so that more people might be invited to attend. Perhaps your pastor will be willing for you to have this as an introduction to the Sunday evening service. Talk it over with him and with your teachers and make your plans accordingly.

LESSON XLII

OUR DISCOVERIES

DURING the past few months we have been following Jesus in the Quest, up the path of Christian living. What are three of the most important secrets of successful everyday living which you have discovered?

But discovering secrets of successful living from the life of Jesus and from the lives of his followers is not enough. These must be tried out in our everyday experience if they are to be of any real value to us. Discovering by actual experience how to live our own lives is more important than knowing how others have lived theirs. Jesus once said, "If ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them."

The following test will help you to discover what progress you have been making in living out your discoveries. First, grade yourself on each point, answering the questions as fairly and honestly as you know how. Then show the chart, with your grading, to your mother, father, teacher, counselor, or some older friend who knows you well and in whose judgment you have confidence. Let this older person check it over with you again, point by point. Then you will be more certain that your grading is accurate. When you have finished, take note especially of those weak places in your Christian living which need strengthening. Ask your heavenly Father to help you to overcome temptations at these weak points in your character so that your life may become more thoroughly Christian, that you may reflect more faithfully in your daily living the life and the teaching of your Leader in the Quest, and the discoveries you have been making under his leadership.

Living Out Our Discoveries

	Excellent	*Good*	*Medium*	*Fair*	*Poor*
1. Following the Trail Marks.					
Do I obey home rules cheerfully and promptly, without arguing?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I obey promptly when asked to do extra tasks?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I obey cheerfully when forbidden to go somewhere or to do something?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I keep the rules of health?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I keep school rules and encourage others to do so?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I listen for God's voice, and obey him?	....	....	....	....	....
2. Keeping Tryst.					
Can I be depended upon to complete a piece of work I have started?	....	....	....	....	....
Can I be trusted to do my work as well when no one is watching as when others are looking on?	....	....	....	....	....
When asked to do an errand, can I be trusted to do it promptly and according to directions?	....	....	....	....	....
Can I be trusted with a secret?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I take good care of property of others which I have borrowed or have had intrusted to me?	....	....	....	....	....
Can I be depended upon to keep an appointment on time?	....	....	....	....	....
Am I faithful in discharging the duties of any office I hold?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I practice my music lesson faithfully?	....	....	....	....	....
Can I be trusted to take care of younger children?	....	....	....	....	....
3. Sharing with Others.					
Am I unselfish in sharing my good times with others?	....	....	....	....	....

	Excellent	*Good*	*Medium*	*Fair*	*Poor*
Am I unselfish in the use of common property shared by all the home folks?	....	....	....	....	....
Am I moderate in my eating, not greedy?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I sometimes give up my own good times for the sake of the home folks?	....	....	....	....	....
Am I generous in the use of my money, giving to the church and Sunday School?	....	....	....	....	....
4. Discovering and Sharing Happiness.					
Do I find happiness in books?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I find enjoyment in nature?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I find happiness in appreciating beautiful pictures, music, and literature?	....	....	....	....	....
Am I cheerful even though things go wrong and disappointments come?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I help to make the home folks happy?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I make a contribution to the happiness of my friends and companions?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I bring cheer and happiness to those who are sad and unfortunate?	....	....	....	....	....
Have I the joy and contentment which comes from a clear conscience?	....	....	....	....	....
5. Ruling My Kingdom.					
Do I keep control of my temper when others tease me or nag at me?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I keep calm and self-controlled in the midst of a tiresome and exacting task?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I keep control of my tongue when friends snub me or say cutting things?	....	....	....	....	....

	Excellent	*Good*	*Medium*	*Fair*	*Poor*
Do I control my temper when disappointed in plans for a good time?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I control my temper when others interfere with my personal property?	....	....	....	....	....
6. Playing Fair.					
Am I a good sport on the playground or athletic field?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I play fair in examinations and classroom work, never cheating?	....	....	....	....	....
Am I always sincere in my conversation?	....	....	....	....	....
Can my friends absolutely depend upon my promise, once it is given?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I ever use the property of others without asking their permission?	....	....	....	....	....
Am I careful in the use of borrowed property, returning it promptly and making right any damage done to it?	....	....	....	....	....
Am I using my money, time, energy, and talents as God would have me use them?	....	....	....	....	....
7. Making and Keeping Friends.					
Do I make friends easily?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I keep the friends I have made?	....	....	....	....	....
Am I never jealous of my friends?	....	....	....	....	....
Are my friends such as hold me to the best ideals?	....	....	....	....	....
Am I careful never to gossip or to tell tales about my friends?	....	....	....	....	....
Have I found Jesus to be a close, personal Friend?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I have a forgiving spirit toward those who would do me wrong?	....	....	....	....	....

	Excellent	*Good*	*Medium*	*Fair*	*Poor*
Do I know what it means to have my sins forgiven when I have done wrong, thus coming back into a friendly relationship with Christ?	....	....	....	....	....
Am I friendly to all of the children in God's great family whom I meet?	....	....	....	....	....
8. Working with Others.					
Do I know how to work together with others successfully in order to accomplish worth-while things?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I do good teamwork in the games I play with others?	....	....	....	....	....
Am I willing to give up my own way if it is for the good of the group?	....	....	....	....	....
9. Leading and Influencing Others.					
Can my friends count on me to be loyal always to their best interests?	....	....	....	....	....
Am I loyal to the clubs, or other organizations, to which I belong?	....	....	....	....	....
Am I loyal to my home, its interests and ideals, even when away visiting?	....	....	....	....	....
Have I shown patriotism for my country?	....	....	....	....	....
Am I loyal to my church and Sunday School?	....	....	....	....	....
Have I pledged my allegiance to Christ first of all? Am I proving loyal to him?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I stand up bravely for what I believe to be right even though I have to stand alone?	....	....	....	....	....
Do I use my influence for good with my associates when they do wrong?	....	....	....	....	....

	Excellent	*Good*	*Medium*	*Fair*	*Poor*
Is Jesus Christ my Ideal? Am I really trying to pattern my life after his perfect example?	....	....	....	....	....

You have started on the great adventure of becoming Christian men and women. The trail leads onward and upward. May you discover many more secrets along the Way; may you add your contribution toward making the world Christian!

Our Part

1. Select one hymn that you have studied and sung this year which is a favorite with you. Tell one interesting fact about it you have learned; tell also why you like it so well. Then lead the class in singing it.

2. Select any one problem experience described in this book. Tell what you consider the Christian solution to this problem. Then, with the help of your classmates, dramatize it, suggesting different solutions but finally letting it be settled according to the Christian solution.

3. What secret of living did each of the following discover?

a. Bob
b. Mrs. Lee
c. Ludwig
d. David Livingstone
e. Max
f. Peter del Rio
g. Hortense
h. Ederyn
i. Madge
j. Daniel
k. Doris
l. Helen Keller

4. Explain what each of the following phrases means to you:
a. "Keeping tryst."
b. "Following the Quest."
c. "Our foolish ways."
d. "Love turns the gift to gold."
e. "Facing the wind for love of the King."
f. "The gift without the giver is bare."
g. "The Road of the Loving Heart."

5. Make a list of five additional questions not included on pages 229-233, an honest answer to each of which would help you to determine further your own progress in Christian living. Add these to your list in the book and grade yourself on them also.

6. Tell of one way in which this course has been helpful to you in living the Christian life.

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